

C N CALLING

If life an empty bubble
be,
How sad for those who
cannot see
The rainbow in the
bubble.

Frederick Locker-Lampson

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

PEACE IS
STRONGER
AND
STRONGER

See page 2

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YOU AND I, MR ROOSEVELT—By HERR HITLER

Your Task and Mine, and What We Have Done in Our Six Years

HERR HITLER'S speeches may be growing lengthy and tedious, with their everlasting repetition and their false conception of history; but we are unable to restrain ourselves from quoting the remarkable passage in which the Nazi Dictator closed his last long speech in answer to Mr Roosevelt.

To realise the dramatic interest of this we have to remember that a few years ago Herr Hitler was a workman, building or decorating houses; that he began his political career as a rebel and was thrown into prison, and that on his release a British Ambassador wrote that "he had now passed into oblivion."

Bearing this in mind, it is not to be denied that Herr Hitler has done wonders and worked miracles. It is said that he imagines himself almost a god, and certainly he has now begun to speak, as kings do, of "my people." It is said that, having destroyed the historic position of Christianity in Germany, he is determined that Nazi-ism shall be Germany's new religion; that, having

sought to abolish the worship of Jesus Christ and stamped out the Jewish race, he would be himself regarded as Germany's New Messiah.

It is all incredible to us, but it has happened in a nation of eighty million people, and in years to come it will be one of the most romantic pages of 20th century history. The wisest man in the world would not have thought it possible 30 years ago; now it has happened, and this man, unknown until the other day, has become the most extraordinary figure on the world's stage.

Tragedian? Comedian? Statesman? Prophet? History will know and we may see; but in the meantime is there not something like the ringing boast of one of the ancient Bible kings in this passage in which Herr Hitler compared himself with Mr Roosevelt the other day? It is one of the fragments of his many speeches which will be printed in the history books, whether we think it false or true, and we give it as perhaps the most characteristic passage ever spoken by this astounding man.

I Who 21 Years Ago Was Unknown

MR ROOSEVELT! I fully understand that the vastness of your nation and the immense wealth of your country allow you to feel responsible for the history of the whole world and for the history of all nations.

I, Sir, am placed in a much more modest and smaller sphere. You have 130,000,000 people on 9,500,000 square kilometres. You possess a country with enormous riches in all mineral resources, fertile enough to feed half a billion people and to provide them with all necessities.

I once took over a State which was faced by complete ruin, thanks to its trust in the promises of the rest of the world and to the bad regime of democratic governments. In this State there are roughly 140 people to each square kilometre—not 15, as in America. The fertility of our country cannot be compared with that of yours. We lack numerous minerals which Nature has placed at your disposal in unlimited quantities. The billions of German savings accumulated in gold and foreign exchange during many years of peace were squeezed out of us and taken from us. We lost our colonies. In 1933 I had in my country 7,000,000 unemployed, a few million workers on half-time, millions of peasants sinking into poverty, destroyed trade, ruined commerce; in short, general chaos.

Since then, Mr Roosevelt, I have only been able to fulfil one simple task. I cannot feel myself responsible for the

fate of a world, as this world took no interest in the pitiful fate of my own people. I have regarded myself as called upon by Providence to serve my own people alone and to deliver them from their frightful misery. Consequently, during the past six and a half years I have lived day and night for the single task of awakening the powers of my people in view of our desertion by the whole of the rest of the world, of developing these powers to the utmost, and of utilising them for the salvation of our community.

I have conquered chaos in Germany, re-established order, enormously increased production in all branches of our national economy, by strenuous efforts produced substitutes for numerous materials which we lack, smoothed the way for new inventions, developed traffic, caused mighty roads to be built and canals to be dug, called into being gigantic new factories, and at the same time endeavoured to further the education and culture of our people.

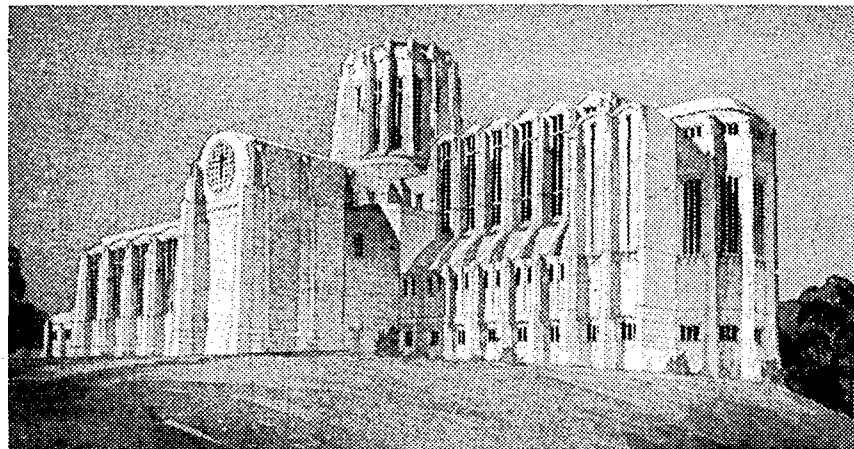
I have succeeded in finding useful work once more for the whole of the 7,000,000 unemployed who so appeal to the hearts of us all, in keeping the German peasant on his soil in spite of all difficulties and in saving the land itself for him, in once more bringing German trade to a peak and in assisting traffic to the utmost. As a precaution against the threats of another world not only have I united the German people politically,

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A New Abbey For 1989



The Six Monks Beginning Prinknash Abbey Church



The Abbey Church As It Will Be In 50 Years



Bringing Stone From The Quarry

All the world knows of Buckfast Abbey, built by the monks in a green valley in Devon; now a little group of monks is starting to build another great abbey church at Prinknash in Gloucestershire. The work will take them 50 years, and it is said that its tower will give a view of 40 miles of the countryside

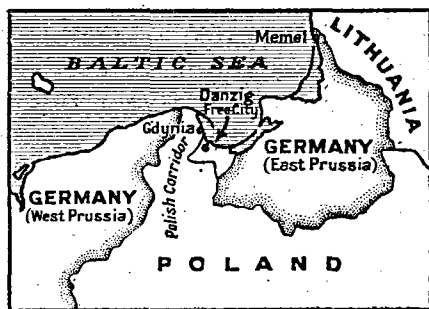
WHY DANZIG IS IN THE NEWS

The Port, the City, and the Corridor

Herr Hitler's dramatic tearing-up of his Treaty with Poland has raised in a critical form the future of Danzig, of vital importance to Europe.

Danzig was part of Germany's spoil when Austria, Russia, and Germany divided Poland between them at the end of the 18th century. For more than 300 years before that partition Danzig, on the River Vistula, had formed part of the Polish kingdom, and had been her most important seaport. Germany therefore held it only for the 150 years preceding the end of the Great War, when the makers of the Versailles Treaty decided that, instead of handing it back to Poland or Germany, they should make it, with the 750 square miles round it, a Free City-State under the control of the League of Nations.

To link this Free State with Poland a strip of territory (the Corridor), inhabited by Poles and lying between Germany and East Prussia, was assigned



to Poland, thus providing for one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points—that the new Poland should be assured a free and secure access to the sea.

Under the Versailles Treaty Poland was given control of the foreign relations of Danzig and the administration of Customs, while the government of the Free City was to be by a Parliament of its own. The League of Nations undertook its protection and appointed a High Commissioner.

Now the majority of the inhabitants of the seaport are German, and under the influence of Nazi propaganda the Danzig Parliament has become mainly Nazi. In his speech Herr Hitler declared that Danzig wishes to belong to Germany.

In January 1934 Germany and Poland signed a ten-year agreement to settle by direct negotiation all questions arising between them.

The German Demand

Poland's confidence in Germany, however, received severe shocks in March. The first was the seizure of Czechoslovakia; the second was the taking of Memel, a rival seaport which the Germans began forthwith to fortify; and the third was a demand for a new treaty about Danzig and the Polish Corridor. Danzig was to become a German city, and a route entirely under German sovereignty was to cross the Corridor to East Prussia. In return Poland was to have a harbour with free approach, and to keep her economic rights at Danzig, while the existing frontiers between the two countries would be guaranteed.

Poland had already shown a readiness to come to an agreement on the Danzig question, and before there was any non-aggression agreement with this country had submitted an alternative plan. Herr Hitler, however, made our promise to support Poland against aggression the excuse for declaring that Poland had rejected his offer and for tearing up the Treaty he had made in 1934. It is not true.

Germany's complaints of encirclement, but the control of Danzig and a route across the Polish Corridor would effectively encircle Poland, closing its access to the sea.

TEN HITLER MISTAKES

A Polish View

One of the Polish newspapers has been looking into what it calls Herr Hitler's Ten Mistakes.

What has he achieved in the last few months? it asks, and these are its ten answers:

- A united and alert Poland.
- The awakening of Great Britain.
- Consolidation in France.
- A disquieted Middle and Southern Europe.
- Vigilance among the northern nations.
- Excitement of the Czechs and Slovaks.
- An incipient tendency to revolt in Austria.
- Food for criticism among his own Germans.
- A warning from America not to make war.
- The danger of a war which must bring disaster to the German people.

A New Way of Generating Electricity?

Sir Ambrose Fleming, to whom we owe the valve which made broadcasting possible, has described to the Physical Society what appears to be a new method of generating electricity. It is simple enough.

He causes powdered silica to fall through a tube on to a perforated zinc plate; this action creates positive electricity. The current is transferred to a condenser consisting of two metal plates with a thin layer of ebonite between them. It is found that if these plates are separated their capacity is reduced and the potential correspondingly raised. So it is possible to obtain electricity at very high potentials.

To prevent waste of the powder Sir Ambrose has devised an instrument similar to an hourglass. Having allowed the silica to fall in one direction, the instrument is reversed and the process repeated. The material of the tube has no effect on the result; it may be of brass, iron, glass, or ebonite. This shows that the effect is not due to friction, but to the impact of the particles on the plate.

The phenomena involved in this method are not clearly understood, and it will be interesting to know what further experiments in this method of generating electricity reveal.

CHANCELLOR AND PRESIDENT

Continued from page 1

but have also rearmend them. I have led back to their native country millions of Germans who were torn away from us and were in misery.

I have re-established the historic unity of the German living space and, Mr Roosevelt, have endeavoured to attain all this without spilling blood and without bringing to my people, and consequently to others, the misery of war.

I, who 21 years ago was an unknown worker and soldier of my people, have attained this, Mr Roosevelt, by my own energy, and can therefore in the face of history claim a place among those men who have done the utmost which can be fairly and justly demanded from a single individual.

You, Mr Roosevelt, have a much easier task in comparison. You became President of the United States in 1933 when I became Chancellor of the Reich. In other words, from the very outset you stepped to the head of one of the largest and wealthiest States in the world. You have the good fortune to have to feed scarcely 15 people per square kilometre in your country. You have at your disposal the most unlimited mineral resources in the world. As a result of the large area covered by your country and

PEACE IS STRONGER AND STRONGER

Where We Stand

Peace is indivisible, and all the peace-loving nations are realising this vital fact and organising themselves to defend it.

Russia in the east of Europe and Britain on the west may be regarded as the pillars of the new European pact which is being built for the purpose of resisting aggression in whatever direction it may be launched.

We have pledged our help not only on the west, where our immediate interests lie, but in the east, where we have undertaken to come to the help of Poland with all our resources if it is attacked. Our Government has also given assurances to Rumania and Greece. No act of aggression, indeed, could be made against these countries, or against France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland, without bringing British troops marching to their defence.

We have alliances with Egypt and Portugal, and Turkey is today our great friend. The neutrality desired by the Baltic countries is one of the things we should not allow to be assailed.

Russia is so steadfast in its opinion that the peace of Europe is indivisible that her only reluctance in entering a common pact has been a fear that all the nations were not prepared to throw all their forces into its maintenance.

There is now no doubt where France and Britain stand, and the strength of the combined forces in the cause of peace should be enough to guarantee that no power will dare to break it.

Grace Darling's Oak

The oak tree planted in Battersea Park five years ago as a memorial to Grace Darling and her father is to be dedicated to the youth of the world on May 20.

This date has been chosen by the Grace Darling League because the following Monday is the anniversary of the sailing of the Chancellor Expedition in 1553 to seek a north-east passage to India. Richard Chancellor reached the White Sea, where he landed and made his way to Moscow to visit the Tsar, who promised complete freedom to British ships to enter Russian harbours and thus established a prosperous trade between the two countries.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Lord Elton has been appointed Secretary to the Rhodes Trust, following Lord Lothian, who has resigned on being appointed Ambassador to Washington.

Among the most interesting early visitors to New York's World's Fair were two Russians who flew 4000 miles from Moscow in less than 24 hours, being forced down in the Gulf of St Lawrence.

A North of England fishwife has received a gold medal from the Duke of Kent for collecting £300 for the hospitals in six years.

On a railway horse-box arriving at Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, a thrush's nest with five eggs was found in the angle of the brake.

The C N acknowledges the gift of 65 bun pennies sent anonymously for the Old War Horse Fund.

Ten Hungarian policemen have received medals from the Red Cross for saving over 100 lives each.

Edlington, near Conisborough, has decided to institute an 8 p.m. curfew for the town's 3000 schoolchildren; a handbell is to be rung in the local recreation ground.

Ramsbottom, Lancashire, has just decided to erect a public war memorial.

£20,000,000 Battleships

The growth of the giant battleship proceeds at an appalling rate.

Thirty years ago a battleship could be built for £1,000,000. Then came the £5,000,000 ship, to be succeeded by the ship of yesterday which cost £10,000,000.

Now comes the news that the United States is about to lay down two battleships of 45,000 tons each, which will cost anything between £15,000,000 and £25,000,000 each.

THINGS SEEN

A trout swimming in a pool of water in a tree on an Irish farm.

A cat mothering three baby squirrels on a farm in Iowa.

A young seal swimming vigorously off Dungeness followed by screaming gulls.

A wandering tortoise with his address painted on his shell.

THINGS SAID

Let the rest of the world threaten and bluster. Herr Hitler

The New York World's Fair will have a tranquil effect on the whole world. Mr Henry Ford

Through all history brute force has always gone down to defeat when challenged by spiritual force. M. Edouard Benes

Lipsticks are used by women to disfigure their faces. Mr Justice Bennett

The American people are by far the best organised politically and by far the most powerful morally in the whole world. Dr Nicholas Murray Butler

Sir Wilfred Grenfell combines an adventurous spirit with practical Christianity, and Christianity with a twinkle. Sir Gerald Campbell

Humanity's destiny is not in the hands of one man but in the hands of God Almighty, who rules the world.

Premier Hendrik Colijn, of the Netherlands

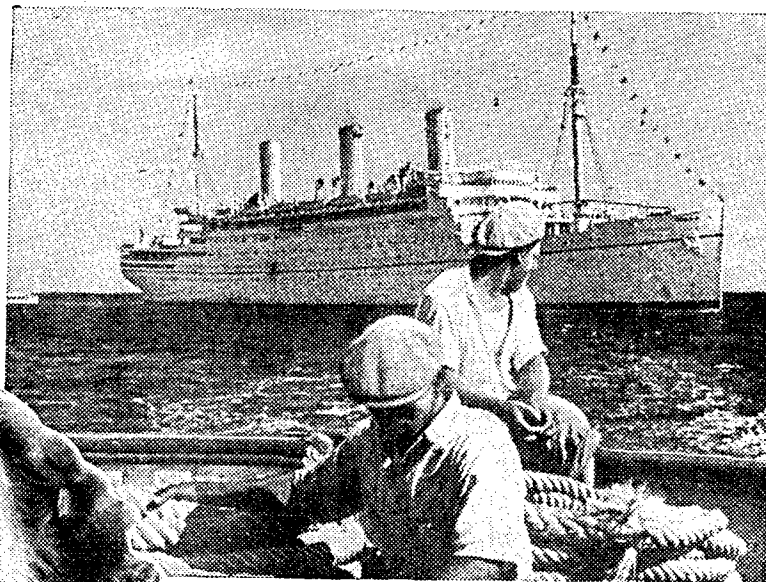
THE BROADCASTER

AN unknown man has sent £2000 to the Treasury as a gift to the nation.

FARMERS in Finland are more prosperous than they have ever been before.

A LEEDS lady, Mrs Emmott, has given £15,000 for scholarships for local boys and girls.

The King's Visit to Canada



R M S Empress of Australia, the liner chosen to take King George and Queen Elizabeth to Canada



The World in the Hollow of Her Hand

Recent changes of frontiers must be presenting the map makers with some problems. Here is a big globe just made in a London factory

A Display of Perfect Poise and Grace



Gymnastic teachers in training at Worthing for an international meeting at Stockholm in July



A BOY, A PONY AND AN UMBRELLA SEEN IN ROTTEN ROW

UGO FOSCOLO

The Italian Patriot Refugee

When the monument to Ugo Foscolo, Italian writer and patriot, was unveiled in Santa Croce in Florence, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, it was in the presence of the King of a United Italy which was not born when Foscolo died.

He was a noted writer and a sincere patriot when Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Italy, and he had hopes that the European Dictator would free his country, and more especially the state of Venice, from the bonds of ill government and corruption. It seems strange at this day to record that Foscolo wrote an ode to the invader. But Napoleon had not come to Italy in the cause of freedom but rather in pursuit of loot, and Venice, instead of being made a free republic, was handed over to Austria.

Too Fiery Eloquence

Even this upset of all his hopes did not immediately destroy Foscolo's hero worship, for he enlisted in the French army, was wounded and made prisoner. Possibly as an encouragement to such fanatical devotion he was installed in the University Chair of Italian Eloquence at Pavia. His eloquence was too fiery for Napoleon, who marked his distaste for it by removing Foscolo and abolishing the professorship and all chairs of eloquence throughout Italy.

When the Austrians entered Milan Foscolo gave up the fruitless struggle in the cause of freedom, retired to Switzerland, and then came to England in 1816, the year after Napoleon had lost Waterloo and had been banished to St Helena. He flourished here for some years, and was received in the best literary circles. Sir Walter Scott knew him, and liked him without being blind to his faults. The worst of these was his inability to keep his money or pay his way, and at last he found himself in a debtor's prison. He did not forgive the coldness of his patrons when he came out, and he died in sad poverty at Turnham Green in 1827. Some 44 years later, an Italy grateful to him for his shining ability and unfaltering love for his country took his remains back to Florence, where the other day yet another honour was paid to his memory.

Old Lamps Light Up

To the Edison Lamp Museum in Charing Cross Road some new lamps which are already old at 50 have been added.

They complete as nearly as can be the story of the early days of the incandescent electric lamp; in which there are some gaps that can never be filled, because the lamps have been lost or destroyed. But the collection serves to remind us that at the beginning of them stands the electric incandescent lamp, the first of the family invented by Sir Joseph Swan.

Americans, justly proud of the many inventions of Thomas Edison, wrongly ascribe the first incandescent lamp to him, and the year before last actually erected as a memorial to him a beacon shaped like a glow-lamp bulb at Menlo Park, New Jersey; and at the same time emphasised their belief in the legend by the issue of a postage stamp with a picture of a lamp on it and his name.

But it is a legend, none the less, and is not a true one. Swan invented the lamp and exhibited it at Newcastle in December 1878. Edison followed in his train the next year.

Swan's filaments were of carbon, which has long been obsolete. So also many lamps which followed those of Swan and Edison quickly became. They went to the scrap-heap, and their names and those of their inventors are almost forgotten. But the museum has given a second life to many of these old lamps.

The Motor-Car Slows Life Down

How many of us realise that the Motor Age has slowed down life in many ways?

The other day someone was complaining that a morning suburban train took a minute longer to get to its London terminus than it did in 1891, when there was not a motor-car on the roads, and the motor-bus was 15 years distant in the future.

It can hardly be maintained that the car slowed the local train; but it can be said that the local train has retired from the competition. If there had been no cars the old steam trains might have had to improve their pace, if only to deal with the continually increasing multitudes of passengers they had to carry. Invention would have got busy with the slowcoaches. But when the car came invention took itself off from the local locomotive and occupied its powers in making the car speedier.

The local train, with its passengers growing fewer, became if anything slower. Passengers took to the road and the motor-bus, or to the private car if they could afford it. Their fares were lost to the railways, which fell into the slough of depression, where they still wallow and complain.

The car, going gaily on, with roads to help it go as fast as any train, has yet failed to speed life up. There is one very

tragic way in which it has slowed life down. The injury it has dealt to the lives and limbs of people, hardly bears thinking about. The faster the car goes and the more cars there are the greater this injury grows.

But that is not the only way it has slowed life down. No wayfarer can walk easily or lightly on the road he should share with the car. He must watch his step at every crossing. He must shrink away to the side of the road, hoping, but not always finding, a footway there. In his efforts to find safety he slows down.

The car is slowing down too. It goes out speedily in the morning, gathering pace on the empty roads; but what of the evening when it returns? There are so many cars that they are continually forming their own blocks. They stand and crawl, so that it is quicker to walk. Any pedestrian can race a car in Central London.

On exceptional days, fine Saturday or Sunday evenings, hundreds of cars are reduced to a crawl of four miles an hour as they approach town. There is slowness in numbers, and as the numbers grow the slowness will grow with them. At the same time the craze for "getting quick anywhere" is killing the sense of leisure without giving anyone more time in which to enjoy it.

Why Not Whitewash King's Cross?

WHEN Professor Richardson was lecturing at the Institute of British Architects not long ago he must have greatly surprised his audience by declaring that King's Cross was the finest station in London.

Remove the sheds that clutter up its frontage and whitewash it, he said, and the railway company would be giving us a square deal, for the station would look positively marvellous.

This station, added the professor, should certainly be scheduled by the National Trust until times arrived for the better appreciation of its design!

Among the good features of King's Cross are its material of good honest stock brick, the arched screen on York Road, and the clock tower, so Scottish and well-bonneted.

Professor Richardson compared it with its more grandiose neighbour, which he dubbed St Pancras le Vault, with its hotel masking the magnificent 700-ft long vaulted roof of steel and glass. He was critical, too, of many of the new stations on the Continent and in America, declaring that they look cadaverous and

unconvincing; but he praised the new stations of the Underground, and C.N. readers will recall how we have described such stations as Cockfosters as models of their kind.

The reason is that these Underground stations express the purpose for which they have been built; but Professor Richardson rightly demands something more if they are to be examples of good civics, as, of course, they should be.

Nothing in the past, he said, had destroyed confidence in travel by rail more than the untidy station, unsheltered from icy blasts in winter, the passenger deprived of clean waiting-rooms and confronted with masses of disgusting advertisements. In a modern station advertisements should be banned, the front laid out as a garden, the building carefully planned and including a museum, a library, a cinema, an arcade of small shops, and a restaurant, and an advertisement room where goods could be advertised from a projector.

The architect's designs should not be like factories: they should be on the grand scale and in the grand manner.

Prizes For Ideas

Explosives are not the only dangerous cargoes. There are substances giving off inflammable vapours, substances becoming dangerous by interaction with air or water, compressed or liquefied gases, and so on.

The carriage of dangerous goods by sea has therefore been chosen by the Society of Arts as the subject for this year's Thomas Gray Memorial Prize of £25. Thomas Gray was a secretary in the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and in memory of him his son founded a trust to award a prize to any person calling attention to an invention considered to be an advancement in the science or practice of Navigation, and a similar prize for an essay on some mercantile marine topic.

Beauty From Waste

Members of Toc H are always on the look-out for some good work to perform. At Arnside, where Westmorland reaches south to have a peep at the sea in Morecambe Bay, they have transformed a piece of waste land by the wayside into a beautiful garden, just now gay with lovely Spring flowers.

ENGLAND'S FAIREST POSSESSION

The Loveliest Thing God and Man Ever Made

At the Royal Academy bits of old England peep through the windows of the canvases to reassure us that it is still there.

Cannot the Academy, as the Duke of Gloucester asked the other day, exert the prestige which has done so much for English painting to help us to keep the originals with us, unspoiled and undefiled? In the National Gallery, old Crome and Gainsborough and Constable have left us a legacy of the English countryside which not so long ago was "one of the loveliest things God and man had ever made between them." We should get a shock if we went now to some of the places they painted and saw how much of them has been stolen from us by greed, or lost to us through carelessness.

It is impossible to shut our eyes to the ugliness which reigns where once there was beauty. The Industrial Revolution did its worst for the towns, creating squalor where once there was decency, substituting the back-to-back rows of dwellings for the cottages, and the slum for the village street. It left only that from which it could draw no profit, and it degraded the soul of England as well as its habitation.

A New Spirit

Reformers strove against its destructive influence, but too often they were prophets crying in the wilderness, and as ill-gotten gains were piled up the things that were comely and of good report decayed. It was the common heritage that was lost.

Need it be lost for ever? In the life of England many beautiful things have been lost, but others have taken their places. We hope and believe a new spirit has been born in the land. At last the iniquity of the slums is going. Since the Armistice 4,000,000 new houses have been built, and we are ready to hope that the great proportion of them are better than many they displaced, though they are not nearly good enough.

With this new hope, however, is the conviction born of horrors to which we cannot shut our eyes that they have far too often been built with no regard for the surroundings where they are planted. They are too often a blot on the landscape, a disfigurement instead of an improvement.

The Worst Offenders

Town-planning has arrested this unsightly development of a countryside, said by the cheap builder to be ripe for it; and some of the local authorities, with no souls above bricks and mortar, are the worst offenders. What is, above all things, needed is enlightened authority to insist that both the speculative builder, and his foster-parents the local authorities shall submit to standards of planning and of fitness in the buildings put up, as well as in the places where they are put.

Something, therefore, can be done to preserve ancient beauty, and to add to it; but it is the countryside which wants this loving care most. The Royal Academy is the Academy of the Fine Arts. If we had an Academy, not of painting, but of the preservation of Nature's own beauty, we should be moving with confidence towards a more hopeful future.

A Spider

Prestwich police arrested an unusual offender the other day, a tropical tarantula spider a lady found in a cabbage she had bought. The police were called to deal with the giant, and took it into custody.

The Concert on the Quay

The Refugee Camp at Richborough has a monthly paper of its own, and the C.N. sends its greetings and congratulations to the Kitchener Camp Review and its cheerful staff.

Here is one of its reporters' stories of the arrival of a big party of refugees at Dover.

Down the gangways came the guests of Kitchener Camp to tread, for the first time for many of them, on the Land of Freedom. Many carried musical instruments.

"Unless you can play," said the Customs officers, "you will have to pay duty on them."

Instantly a concert began. Delighted, the Customs, boat, and railway officials listened to the Tales of the Vienna Woods and the haunting, lyrical notes of the Blue Danube.

All work on the quayside ceased—but there was no duty to be paid!

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

FORGOTTEN RIGHTS

The saying that what is free to all is not appreciated was proved true by a curious statement in Parliament the other day. The City of London was asking for power to extinguish public rights of landing goods at two quays near Billingsgate Market in order that the Corporation might legally use them for the extension of that market. It seems that no one knew of these free rights, not even the City authorities, who only discovered them when investigating the title of the land which they occupy.

CHINA AND LANCASHIRE

Ten years ago Lancashire exported 150 million yards of cloth to China. In 1938 this had shrunk to just over two million yards.

These are indeed graphic figures, and show what Lancashire has lost. Now a new hope has been born with the inquiries from the Chinese Government for the supply of 20 million yards of cloth for soldiers' uniforms. This big order will be worth about £500,000.



Fixing a road-sign in East Anglia where the tulip fields have been ablaze with colour

ACROSS ENGLAND ON HORSEBACK

Miss Freda Newcombe of Kenilworth, whose horseback ride from Kenilworth to York, 140 miles, was noted in the C.N. last year, is setting off to ride from Land's End to John o' Groats, 865 miles.

FIGHTING POVERTY IN SCOTLAND

The Scottish Distressed Areas Commission has bought land in Lanarkshire for three new trading estates in the hope of attracting modern industries.

Fully developed, the estates will house 150 factories and employ 3000 people. New trades are to be attracted to make the areas less dependent upon the old staple industries.

The three sites are near the towns of Airdrie, Coatbridge, Motherwell, Wishaw, and Hamilton, where there is much unemployment. Their acquisition follows the success of the Scottish Industrial Estate at Hillington, Renfrewshire, where 70 manufacturing tenants have been secured in just over a year. The rents are low, containing no element of profit.

SHE LOVED MOUNTAINS

There has passed on at Camberley in Surrey a lady who all her life loved mountains.

She was Miss Hilda Hechle, whose pictures of the Alps have been greatly admired. She used to boast that she was born on a Derbyshire peak during a snowstorm, and she was often spoken of as the artist who painted the world from the top. In a sense this was true, for she once painted a picture of the Matterhorn when she was 13,000 feet above the sea. Wrapped in blankets, she worked for six hours, a stove between her knees so that her paints did not freeze.

Nature's Give and Take

MAKERS of lawn-sprinklers have received an unexpected setback this year.

Water rates are fixed by the rateable value of houses, and the Metropolitan Water Board has decided this spring that the use of a sprinkler in houses of even moderate size shall cost the user 30s extra for the summer.

In a normal season such aids are unnecessary; it is only during periods of drought that their use becomes essential; and it is not their use, but their abuse, their being allowed to run to waste for hours, perhaps the whole night, that occasions alarm to the authorities.

With warm weather and rain alternating we now see the wonder of Nature's masterpiece in give-and-take respecting

FAITHFUL CHICO

No longer will the people of Rockland in Maine be able to pat Chico and say a cheery word to him.

Everyone in the town knew the pathetic story of the chow dog. Eight years ago Chico's owner became seriously ill and was taken to a local hospital, where she died. Chico, then eight years old, would not believe he would not see his beloved mistress again, and spent the next five years looking for her. He refused to go into any house, spending most of his time on the streets or at the hospital, until three years ago, when he consented to be a guest at Rockland town hall. Now at last, after eight long years of waiting, faithful Chico has gone to join his mistress.

FROM A GERMAN COAL MINER

Mr W. Lawther, acting president of the Mineworkers Federation, has received a letter from a German coal-miner describing the conditions under which the miners are working in that country.

The letter says that the output has diminished in spite of increased hours of work and though the Government has demanded that production shall be doubled. The German miner works 53 hours per week, the longest in the world.

In consequence more coal has to be imported, the very last thing the Government wants. Miners are so exhausted that absence from work is increasing.

CHEAP TICKETS FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY

It should be more widely known that members of working men's or girls' clubs can visit the Royal Academy at 1s instead of 1s 6d. If the secretary of the club, or of any staff association or similar organisation, applies in advance for tickets for ten or more, he can hand one to a member, who can use it when he chooses. The same opportunity is offered to schoolchildren, but at 9d, if the principals of their schools obtain ten or more tickets from the Secretary of the Royal Academy at Burlington House.

COMPANIONS OF THE BATH

Kingston Town Council has excited criticism by deciding that people who use their sixpenny public washing baths must in future take their own soap, and a second towel if they need one.

It is complained that to have to carry a damp towel and moist soap about will be very unpleasant. Frequenters of public baths had once upon a time to carry more than this, however. There are people who still remember grandparents who shared the old-time glories of Bath, when a visit to the baths was as much a social occasion as a ride in Rotten Row today.

Ladies and gentlemen bathed together in the hot bath; the ladies in long robes, with their heads dressed in the latest fashion, the gentlemen in dignified costumes, which included their wigs. Each lady had her own floating wooden bowl, on which rested her handkerchief, her fan, her box of comfits, and sometimes her box of snuff.

liquid supplies. All the water in the atmosphere is drawn up from the seas, rivers, and lakes. In the form of vapour it circulates through the sky until saturation point is reached, then, land conditions favouring, down it comes—snow on the high mountains, rain for the lower levels.

What the quantity represents we faintly gather when we see the Thames, as in a recent year, pouring 6300 million gallons over Teddington Lock in the course of 24 hours; but the experts who tabulate results must help us to a wider understanding of the subject. These tell us that if all the water that descends on the earth in the course of a year were gathered together it would cover an area of 200,000 square miles to a depth of a mile.

HIGHER FARES

The London Passenger Transport Board is asking the Railway Rates Tribunal for leave to raise its fares by 5 per cent. This would yield an extra £664,000 and enable the Board to pay its way.

The Board urges that it has never had an adequate revenue, and that the development of the London system cannot properly proceed with the present fares. It seems probable that the increase will be granted. This is a case in which all the facts are known. We must pay more, for we get the work done at cost price.

PUDDLES CROSSES THE SEA

When the steamer Awatea left Sydney for Auckland the other day she carried a passenger who was so important that he had to have a whole deck to himself.

He was Puddles, a two-year-old hippopotamus from Taronga Park, who will soon be joined in his new home in the Auckland Zoo by his little sister Sheba, now three months old. How lonely their parents, Dizzie and Fatima, will be when they have no children at home at all.

A LIFT FOR THE SHERIFF

When a sheriff in North Carolina was driving across some sand dunes the other day his car broke down and he was stranded miles away from anywhere.

It was not likely that there would be another car along for hours, and as he was preparing himself for a long and tedious wait he heard a zooming noise overhead, and looking up he saw a bright red monoplane. Luckily it was flying low enough for the pilot to see that the man on the ground was in difficulties, and so he landed and gave the delighted sheriff a lift to the nearest town.

ATTILA'S CHAIR?

What is believed to be the oldest chair in England is St Augustine's chair in Canterbury Museum.

In the cathedral of Torcello, a little island in the Venetian lagoons, is now being exhibited a roughly-hewn stone chair which, if legend has any foundation, is still older than that at Canterbury, for it is called Attila's Chair, and Attila, the human monster who led the Huns and allied Asian tribes to the conquest of half the world, died in 453, a century before the birth of Augustine.

The chair, whatever its origin, can but fill beholders with horror, for Attila was one of the most frightful figures that ever occurred outside fiction, a man who delighted in murder and massacre, who spared none whom he could conquer, who destroyed cities by the hundred, and laid waste the fairest provinces of Germany, France, and Italy.

SCOUTS ARE PREPARED

Scouts of the Birkenhead and Wirral Boy Scouts Association are having a special course of training in signalling, chart work, lights, buoys, coast patrol, and similar work, so that they will be able to serve as coast watchers this summer and in any future emergency.

THE BIRDS OF LYONS

At the suggestion of their admirable mayor, M. Herriot, the City Council of Lyons has put up all over the public gardens and parks multitudes of nesting-boxes for the birds.

These have been immediately taken possession of by the birds of the city. In addition the birds have been provided with many kinds of food, within easy reach of the nesting-boxes.

The question is asked whether in a few generations these favoured birds will have forgotten how to build a nest.

THE UNLUCKY MINER

Fate has played a strange trick on two miners, one dead and one alive.

The one who is alive is Mr George Newman, who while prospecting for gold in Western Australia not long ago uncovered a shining nugget, the Norseman nugget, worth £900. Twenty years ago an old prospector was digging for gold at this very same spot, but gave up the search in disgust. Nine inches from where he stopped working the nugget was found, only three inches below the surface! One more try and fortune would have been his.

PHARAOH'S SECRETARY FLIES

A very important Egyptian personage flew from Chicago to New York the other day.

His name was Harwa, and he was the first mummy to travel by air in America. Nearly three thousand years ago he was a hard-working secretary of agriculture to one of the Pharaohs; now his home is the famous Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, but for the next few months he is to be seen at New York's World's Fair.

TED AT THE TELEPHONE

Ted is a police dog whose home is in Pocatello, Idaho. The other day he played truant in the garden of a house at the other end of the town. Hearing where he was, his mistress rang up the house and asked the owner to put the dog's ear to the telephone.

"Ted," she said to him, "come home at once." Within five minutes Ted was home, having broken all speed records.

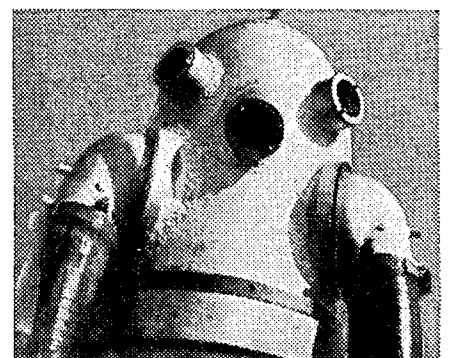
HONOUR FOR AN HONEST MAN

We told a little while ago of the old Italian labourer in Pennsylvania who voluntarily kept the streets round his home clean as a service to his adopted country for the relief money it sent him every week.

He was Mario Izzo, who lived in Aliquippa, and the other day he met with a fatal accident, and was buried among the paupers.

But the people of Aliquippa decided that such an honest man should not lie in Potter's Field, and so they have moved his body to a more dignified place; and over his new grave they have erected a tombstone with his simple explanation of why he swept the streets engraved on it:

I look at my money from the town and I think this is a wonderful country. I decide I will be an honest man with this country, which has been so good to me. So I start to sweep the streets. My bread it tastes sweet and I feel like a man because I work.



A new type of diving suit for work at great depths recently demonstrated in America

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 13 1939

The Call

*There is but one task for all,
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?*

Rudyard Kipling

A TRUMPET call has sounded over the land. It bids every man do his duty.

This is the meaning of National Service; and this the reason why the country's young manhood is to be trained to fit itself for its share in it.

The call has shaken some of our old confidence to its foundations. We dwell no longer in splendid isolation. The tradition that our island fortress is inviolate is crumbling before our eyes. An immense change has come over our lives.

We have come into a world which is not at peace even when it is not at war. No one can pretend that this is peace time. Therefore we must be prepared. The easy life is no more. We must defend ourselves against every challenge. Everyone must be at his post. We shall not fail. It is not heroism in the face of death and dismay that the call to Britain has come for, but for something simpler, yet as brave. It is for the quiet courage that prepares to meet danger when it comes, and, fully knowing what may betide, fits itself calmly and patiently to meet the worst and hope for the best.

That is what this country asks of its men; and it is a call that in every other land is making itself plainly heard. No man any more can take everything the world gives him and give the world nothing back. If it gives him peace he must put all his strength at his country's service to keep it.

One of our readers has given up the CN because it demanded that every citizen should do something for the State! What is this amazing creed? Paganism? Selfishness? The State is ourselves. We cannot receive all the blessings it gives without sharing its responsibilities when the enemy is at the gate.

We are reminded of a tale of a great advocate who made his way at the Bar while he was yet a poor man. At the end of one of his most brilliant speeches in defence of his client a lady lost in admiration asked him how he could do it. "Madam," he replied, "I felt my children tugging at my skirts."

Let those who hesitate keep that in mind. All they sacrifice, all they are called upon to do when everything is reckoned, is for the children who are tugging at their skirts.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Crownless King

WE have often wondered why, since the issue of the first postage stamp nearly a hundred years ago, we have never again achieved a really effective design.

The old penny black and its successor the penny red were excellent alike in design, colour, and execution. They bore an admirable portrait of the youthful Queen Victoria, and did the nation credit.

Since then we have had a long succession of ill-designed and badly-coloured stamps. The latest series includes several designs in which the King is shown with a crown detached from his head as though he were not entitled to wear it; it just hovers in space! We humbly direct the attention of the Postmaster-General to the matter. Let him recrown his King without delay.

Hamburg Politeness

WE hear much from Herr Hitler on the liberty of the newspapers in this country, but we note that one of the London correspondents of the Hamburger Fremdenblatt has taken the liberty of expressing his opinion on our British Ambassador in Berlin.

The fact that the British Government was not prepared to recognise the German protectorate of Bohemia, he considers, makes the Ambassador's demand for an interview with Herr Ribbentrop *pretty close to loutishness*.

It would certainly seem that there is too much liberty here; it is the first time a British Ambassador has been called a lout.

Refreshing

IT is immensely refreshing to see people putting up a great monument (far the best thing architecturally, I suppose, for a hundred and fifty years or so) and getting on with it undeterred by the rumours and alarms of the immediate present.

From a letter with a subscription to Liverpool Cathedral

The Few Who Educate Themselves
SOME figures have been published showing that very few of our people continue to educate themselves after leaving school, yet never was a time when education was more needed.

None of us can avoid education of some sort, formal or informal. Our eyes, our ears are constantly acting as channels of information; every child and every adult is continuously learning things, good or bad. That is why formal education, the well-directed study of good things, is so much needed to counteract the informal education of the street and the workplace.

The Smaller Class

DWIGHT MORROW is said to have told his son that the world is made up of two classes of people, those who do things and those who get the credit.

"Try if you can," he urged, "to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."

While a Spider Falls

The other day we came upon this little paragraph about a spider. It seems so wonderful that we give it here.

THE spinnerets of a spider have about 5000 minute tubes, called spinnerules. From them emerges the thread, of infinite fineness, in liquid form, which immediately dries on exposure to air, and is woven with inconceivable rapidity into the main cord with which the spider makes its snare. These threads are so fine that it would require four millions of them to make a thread the thickness of a human hair! Yet any spider you see falling from a ceiling, hanging by a cord, has actually woven at least a hundred of these primary threads into the one cord by which it hangs, *the whole process happening while it falls*.

JUST AN IDEA

Whenever you have a piece of good news run and tell it. Whenever you have a piece of bad news sleep on it.

Under the Editor's Table

A SCHOOLMASTER suggests that all schoolboys should wear the same uniform. It would have to be a large one.

A MAN says he has been cycling on and off for twenty years. But usually on.

THERE is quite a lot in packing a parcel. Especially if there is a lot in the parcel.

A BLACKSMITH says his job went with the trams. He must have done running repairs.

A DENTIST has decided to take up art. Doesn't know where to stop.

A DANCING mistress wants more pay. She is taking steps to get it.

SOME people don't know what to do with their hands. They can keep them clean.

THE owner of a multiple store is proud of his family tree. And his branches.

APPRECIATION helps a man to rise in his profession. You should praise an airman up to the skies.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If long-standing agreements make people tired

This England

THIS England ever means to me.
The matchless home of men
Who stood for truth, or fought for right,
With sword or word or pen.

Blake's green and pleasant land it is,
Where speech is ever free;
Immortal Shakespeare's sceptred isle,
Fenced with the silver sea.

By Wordsworth's meadow, grove, and stream

I think of yesterdays,
Of Bede who lived to serve his age,
And died while singing "Praise."

I think of Alfred, great because
His heart was good and true;
Of that small band at Agincourt,
That few, that happy few.

Though Wycliffe's dust be scattered far,

Yet proudly do we keep
The dust of martyrs, stirring yet,
A dust that will not sleep.

How Caedmon sang, how Chaucer laughed

Along his pilgrim way;
O rare Ben Jonson, how he loved
The tavern and the play!

This is the land where Sidney dreamed
Ere that one shining deed
At Zutphen, where his hand supplied
The dying soldier's need.

Our Gilbert, Hawkins, Grenville, see
These daring sea-dogs come
When deeper than the boatswain's pipe
They hear again Drake's drum!

The land they loved was Raleigh's own,

For England gave him birth,
And to this land he hoped to give
The richest lands on earth.

Here Newton's shining light leapt up
In rainbow colours, seven;
Here Bedford's tinker looked beyond
The Wicket Gate to Heaven.

Here Milton with his sightless eyes
His Paradise regained;
And Wesley preached of saving grace
To those whose souls were chained.

King Arthur's land, this England bore
Knights valiant and strong:
Our Shaftesbury and our Wilberforce,
Staunch enemies of Wrong.

So may I sing of these, and more,
Who breathed our English air,
And by the wonder of their lives
Made England yet more fair.

O England, I will ever walk
With reverent step, for thou
Hast been the home of peerless sons,
And they are with me now. H. L. G.

A Prayer of Thankfulness

O Father, Who hast not only made the world so beautiful that we are constantly inspired by the wonder of mountains and lakes, meadows and rivers, and the birds and beasts that live in them, but hast also made artists to paint fine pictures, and make lovely designs for carpets and curtains and clothes, so that we can always be close to beauty, we thank Thee for every artistic talent.

Teach us to use our own talents so well that we may know the happiness that comes from good craftsmanship, increasing the beauty that our friends can enjoy, and as makers of beautiful things help to establish Thy Kingdom.
Amen

THE ENGINEERS HAVE BEEN THINKING

The Man, the Machine, and What Should be Done

Mechanical, electrical, and civil engineers have lately been discussing the economic aspects of replacing men by machines, a process that has been going on at an ever-increasing speed ever since James Watt first made steam drive machinery in 1782.

Along with the mechanisation of industry we have had the increasing development of man's power and potential freedom. Machines that take the place of man-power also make possible many types of employment unthinkable without them. For example, 4,000,000 motor-cars are made in a year in America at an average value of £135 each. If these were made by hand they would cost £2000 each, so that perhaps forty people would be able to afford them where 4,000,000 can afford them now. Remember also that millions of men are engaged to run these cars.

Science and Industry

Similarly, a reservoir is being excavated at Staines with two machines and 100 men. Were the work to be undertaken in the old-fashioned way it would require 1000 men and 500 horses, and the cost would be prohibitive; the work would simply go undone. These instances show clearly that the machine is not man's enemy. It has brought it within his power to produce abundantly many of the good things of life.

Nevertheless, the existence of the army of the unemployed proves that we are still a long way from solving the economic problems of the day.

Mr A. P. Young, on behalf of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, spoke with optimism. It is no longer possible, he said, to separate economics from other departments of life; we must view life as a whole, decide on our goal, and then take stock of our means of achieving it.

Two things stand out: the population of the world, about 2000 millions, is increasing; and with the spectacular evolution of the electrical age the application of science to industry will lead us to wonders undreamed of. The wealth of the world, measured in terms of goods and services, is capable of being enormously increased. This should obviously be a good thing if the expanding output can be justly divided.

But while material progress is going forward at an ever-increasing pace, there is a lag in the development of man's spiritual being and in the growth of his social conscience.

Service For the Common Good

If engineers would rebuild the world nearer to the heart's desire they must do five things, said one of them at this recent conference:

1. Recognise that all human life is closely interconnected and interdependent.
2. Work out a plan for cooperative endeavour.
3. Accept justice as the operative principle for the rebuilding process.
4. Accept the ideal of service for the common good as the motive for the individual's life.
5. Set their standards of achievement on the highest spiritual plane, recognising that material gains have at best but transient value.

The same ideas were expressed more simply 1900 years ago in Galilee; but it is heartening to find them cropping up so clearly, so recognisably, at a meeting of members of our engineering institutions.

The C N has always held engineers in high esteem. It is glad to have new proof that its faith in them is justified.

There is Goodness Everywhere

IN a world darkened by war clouds, a world across which the menacing shadows are for ever threatening, it is sometimes easy to see the worst and hard to find the best.

But let us remember that the best is still with us. The worst is the injustice, the insincerity, the cruelty and folly and selfishness out of which so much of the news in our papers springs, and only the fool would deny the existence of all this, or pretend that it was not to be deplored. But only the fool would say that this is all.

There is the good, and this is the time to proclaim it from the house-tops, the time to look for it more diligently than hitherto. If we are to keep our sanity we must at all costs find proof every day that there is something to thank God for, and that in a world where much is wrong something is right.

Spring has come again to make the earth fresh and fair, and we have the sound of singing birds, the sight of trees in blossom, new wonder in our gardens, the fragrance of the dawn, the glory of the sunset.

Pictures and music, books and poems, flowers, old songs and new pleasures, friends who call to see us, talks by the fire, walks in the country, bright hopes for tomorrow, laughter of

children—surely the world is still a good place in which to dwell, and life is still adventurous and precious?

In spite of broken words there are still beautiful homes where understanding and kindness and courtesy are the order of the day. There are still friendly people, men of business with hearts not shut in by greed, girls who are kind and natural and anxious to live happy and useful lives, young men who see visions and dream dreams.

Let us remember, too, that in these depressing times there is never a moment when some good deed is not done somewhere. Kindly folk abound. Illnesses are cured and injuries healed by skill and service beyond price. Prayers are answered, broken hearts are bound up, lonely folk are comforted, sad folk are cheered.

As surely as the leaves on the trees fade, so surely Spring returns in all her loveliness and with all her promises. Let us remember it. When we have read our newspaper headlines and switched off the wireless, let us take heart and be of good courage, for there are saints and heroes still, kindly men and women, poets, visionaries, and friendly folk. Above all, there are boys and girls, today's shining hope for tomorrow.

Goodwill Day is Round Again

May 18 is Goodwill Day, when for the 18th year the children of Wales will broadcast their message of peace to the children of the world.

Last May hundreds of replies came from schools in Europe, in the British Dominions, in America, Africa, and Asia, many in the form of albums upon which weeks must have been spent. We give the English translation of this year's Welsh message of goodwill.

THIS is Wales calling. The boys and girls of Wales are calling the boys and girls of all the world.

We rejoice to think that, above the tumult, on this one day of the year, we can greet each other as members of one great family, the family of the nations of the future.

The world is full of suffering, cruelty, and strife; and we are told that civilisation may perish. Let us tell the world that civilisation shall not perish.

Your Old Clothes

Clothing for our refugee guests is urgently needed. Only five suits were hanging on the rail at the Clothing Depot of the Lord Baldwin Fund at 130 Westbourne Terrace in London one day last month, so fast were the 3600 garments sent there distributed. Every day refugees who are in real need are turned empty away.

There must be in many of the homes of our readers a suit which a boy has outgrown; here is a good cause in which it can be used. Boots and shoes too are urgently required.

Out For a Walk

Several times lately a C N reader who lives in the country in Scotland has met a farmer, his man, and an Ayrshire cow out for a walk along a lane, and each time she thought what an odd trio it was.

At last she plucked up courage to ask the farmer why he took the cow with him when he went for a stroll, and learned to her amusement that the animal was being given a lesson in deportment. The season of cattle shows is coming round, and so prize animals have to get used to being led up and down at the end of a rope.

More than ever the world needs what we alone can give—the confidence and the comradeship of youth.

May we then, on this Goodwill Day, dedicate ourselves afresh to the service of our fellows in ever-widening circles, to the service of our home, of our neighbourhood, of our country, so that our country may better serve the world to which we all belong?

So shall we, millions of us, grow up to be the friends of all and the enemies of none.

Prompt Work at Aden

We were reading of a lady who just missed two liners to Africa in succession the other day. A story which has reached us from Aden tells of a similar mishap with a more fortunate ending.

Three girls came running on to the quay at Aden, and one of them, pointing to a big white ship that was slowly moving out to sea, cried out, Look, look! There's our boat!

A policeman promptly whistled for the police motor-boat, while another policeman wirelessly to the liner from the dock wireless station close by. In raced the motor-boat, the girls were hustled aboard, and the policeman jumped in after them. The liner slowed down, and in less than ten minutes from their arrival on the quay they were on board the liner—and getting a severe scolding, no doubt!

Is There No One?

It is fresh in our memories that in its terror a deer jumped to its death over a high cliff, and that another swam out to sea, in their attempts to escape from hunts.

Is there no one in this country who will give a lead to putting a stop to this degrading business?

E. R. Rayner

COME, LOOK, AND SEE What the World's Fair Shows

Come to the World's Fair, said President Roosevelt as he opened it, and 60 nations answered him that they had come.

He looked down on the Court of Peace, gigantic like everything else at the Fair, and saw waving above the 35,000 invited guests the flags of all these nations. There were bands and banners. The red tunics of the Coldstream Guards were drawn up beside the brown overalls of American workmen. Japanese uniforms were side by side with Red Indian feathers. Naval and military detachments were ranked in orderly array. But the standard bearers of the flags were all civilians.

Thus was struck the note which the President emphasised in his welcome—that the American people had hitched their wagon to a star of goodwill, progress, and peace, in friendship to all, in enmity to none. The United States have, as he said, been principally colonised from the Continent of Europe. They who are the citizens of that great Republic may well offer up with their President the silent prayer that the years to come will break down the barriers of distrust between the countries of their forefathers, which, through the centuries, have led to strife and hindered friendship, and still do so.

The Arts of Peace

One World's Fair will not make summer of the world's winter discontent, but the President's words were spoken at a moment and in surroundings that might turn the eyes of the world from the differences dividing them to the bonds that should unite them, and even to gaze upward to the stars. On every side are tokens of what the nations can do when they turn from the inventions of strife to the arts of peace. The many acres of the Fair, four times as large as Hyde Park, contain among its lawns and tree-shaded avenues examples of the advance in aviation, in marine transportation, railways, motor-car construction, electricity in every branch of activity, the contributions of science in medicine, in metals, in food. There are temples of Art and Music, overshadowed by a temple of Religion.

The nations have joined in the competition to signalise themselves by the variety and originality of the architecture of their pavilions, the Italian pavilion exhibiting Italy's hydro-electric resources, the Japanese pavilion copied from an ancient Shinto shrine, the Polish pavilion with a soaring tower of gold lattice-work, the Irish pavilion built with walls of glass on a shamrock-shaped plan; the Soviet Russian building with a soaring figure of a worker in stainless steel, the British effort housing the contributions of all its commonwealth in the largest pavilion of all—the list might be continued and yet be far from exhausted.

Looking on these structures and the many wonders of discovery and invention, the world may well stop, mark, and learn that these are the things which are most worth while.

Queen Mary and Her Secateurs

We learn that flowering climbers are to replace the ivy Queen Mary did not like when she visited the King George Memorial Garden at Stanmore the other day. Touching it with her umbrella, she said, "If I had a pair of secateurs I would cut it down. If I come again next year and it is still there I will clip it off." Now it has been decided to strip the ivy and replace it with climbing flowers, so that Queen Mary will not need to take her secateurs next year.

MYSTERIES IN WRITING

Jabberwocky in Real Life

Mr Justice Atkinson has been telling the official shorthand writers of the Law Courts that he has written shorthand for fifty years—but has never been able to read it! Probably there is a little playful exaggeration in that; if he wrote his outlines correctly any shorthand writer would read it for him.

The famous Pepys Diary was written in shorthand and lay at Magdalen College, Oxford, for two and a quarter centuries unread. Then the volumes were found and shown to Lord Grenville, who, fortunately for posterity, knew the system in which the 3000 pages were written.

He transcribed a few pages, and handed these, with the diaries, to a young undergraduate named John Smith, who spent three years, working for 12 to 14 hours a day, in transcribing the enthralling pages.

Shorthand is not the only means to be employed by writers who have been anxious that their work should not be read in their lifetime by anyone except themselves. We all remember the looking-glass writing of the manuscript on which Alice found the poem Jabberwocky inscribed in Looking Glass Land. Her author had been anticipated.

Writing Backwards

More than 500 years ago the immortal Leonardo da Vinci, living in an age when it was unsafe to express opinions in the least different from those sanctioned by a stern, autocratic Church, was working out theories and forms of philosophy that if made public might have brought him to the stake.

As he thought, so he wrote, but in order that none save himself should read he took advantage of the fact that he was as ready with one hand as the other to pen his thoughts and beliefs with his left hand, with which he wrote backwards.

There is still work for the men who can decipher the previously unknown. There awaits such a man a master-task in translating for the world the mysterious writing used by those marvellous people of Crete whose civilisation, with its arts and inventions, was thousands of years older than our own. Knossos has yielded abundant riches in these writings, but the key is lost and no one has as yet succeeded in fabricating another.

So one of the most bewildering and astonishing stories in the history of mankind remains unread, and, though the evidence has been laid bare to show us that such art as the Cretan had no parallel in the world of its age, we cannot decipher the message they left, because Cretan writing has not yet found a John Smith to solve and publish its long-kept secrets.

A Happy Man's Hobby

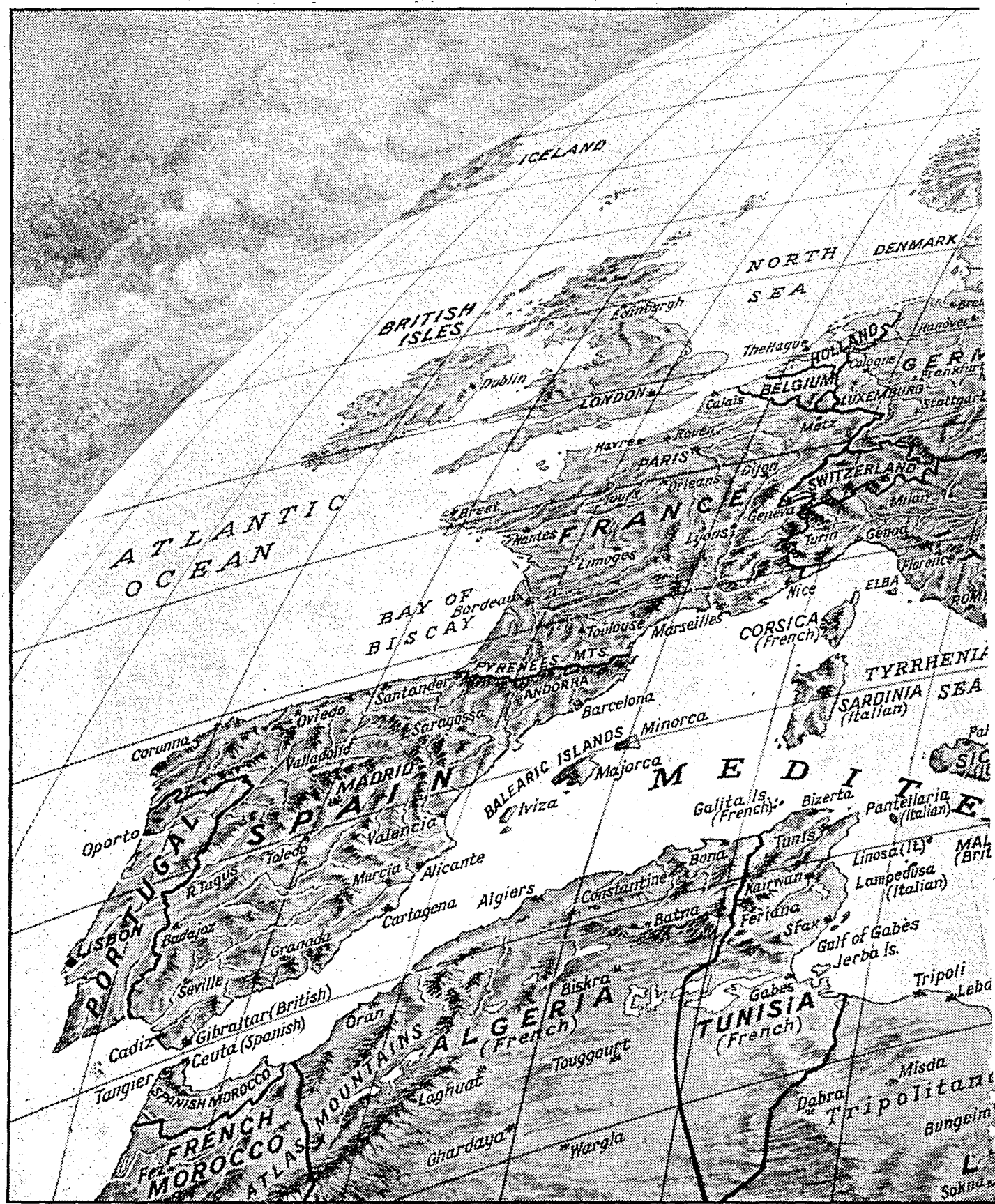
A man in Ohio is known all over the State for his hobby. Long after he has passed away he will be remembered, for his hobby is planting trees.

Happy Howell lives in Athens, and he has planted over 42,000 trees in the past 18 years.

Every spring Happy plants his seedlings. In the early hours of the morning he may be seen walking along the roads near his home with a spade in one hand, a lantern in the other, and a bag of seedlings slung over his shoulder. The roads round Athens owe their beauty to Happy, who must surely be the greatest tree-planter since the fabled Johnny Appleseed, who lived at the end of the 18th century pioneer days.

Johnny Appleseed used to wander through the Middle West, not with seedlings, but with a bag of seeds over his shoulder, planting them and then tending his trees.

The Mediterranean and the Life of the World



TIME was when the Mediterranean, so much in the news today, was the source and centre of all the world news that was.

It is from the countries round this tideless inland sea, the biggest of its kind in the world, that civilisation, and Christianity too, has spread through the world. The history of man is closely bound up with it, whether as a developer of virgin territories, as a builder of cities, as a trader, or as an idealist.

Slowly but surely from east to west down the ages man has carried the torch of progress along the Mediterranean to advance far beyond the narrow fringe of its coasts and through the twin portals at its outlet to illuminate the world. By way of the Mediterranean the first bronze implements came to our Stone Age ancestors

4000 years ago, just as 500 years ago came spices and silks from the East.

The total area of this sea is about a million square miles, but it gathers to itself waters from over an area of nearly three million square miles, half African and the rest in Europe and Asia. Only one of the world's great rivers feeds it, the Nile, and that intermittently; but there pours in through the Dardanelles the overflow of the Black Sea due to the Volga, Danube, and lesser streams. The Rhone and other rivers do nothing to counteract the loss by evaporation, and the Atlantic actually flows in to mingle with waters abnormally salt. There are no tides and few currents, but fierce winds will lash it into turmoil with waves over 30 feet high.

Except in Libya, with its desert, mountain ranges and high tablelands

surround it, volcanoes still disturb the serenity of its centre, and its climate is warm, with vegetable and animal life characteristically its own. It is not surprising that great migrations from harsher climes have moved toward its more hospitable shores, and overflowed to its delightful islands.

It was in one of these islands, Crete, that a remarkable civilisation was coming into existence 5000 years ago, attaining its high-water mark ten centuries later, when Troy and Mycenae were its rivals on the mainland.

But other races were pushing south to reach the Mediterranean, and by 1000 B.C. the Greeks had occupied all Greece, its islands in the Aegean, and part of the coasts of Asia Minor. For the next eight centuries this brilliant race was the most influential in the world, holding back the Persians

—Remarkable CN Map of the Great Inland Sea



and other barbarians and creating an art and literature which has never been equalled. Their insistence on the freedom of the human spirit was the chief gift of the Greeks to mankind.

They were a seafaring people and established colonies westward on the shores of the Mediterranean. Their rivals were the Phoenicians, a Semitic race far inferior in culture, but eager to plant centres for trade even beyond the Strait of Gibraltar.

This race of merchants gave the world no Homer to sing of the harbours they frequented or the beauties of the islands they visited, no Sappho to give immortality to the exquisite isle of Lesbos. Cruel worshippers of Baal, they fell before the growing power of a nobler race, the Romans, who implanted in the world their love of law, order, and good government.

So virile was this Latin race that it spread its Empire round the Mediterranean shores.

It was in the reign of their first and greatest emperor, Augustus, that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and, sailing from the eastern ports of the Mediterranean, Paul and others of His disciples carried His message of goodwill by way of Asia Minor and Greece to Rome. Christianity had spread through the whole Empire when the Empire broke up before hordes from the north and east.

The followers of Mohammed swept right along Africa into Spain, and at a later date the Turks overran that Byzantine Empire which had long withstood the Huns and Vandals. During the Middle Ages the Genoese and Venetians shared the commerce in the Mediterranean, but Turkish

galleys and the Barbary corsairs captured many a rich cargo. Eventually at Lepanto a Spanish fleet joined with those from Italy and dealt the Turks a blow from which they never recovered at sea; and a hundred years later Robert Blake annihilated a Moorish fleet off Tunis, giving security to our growing trade in the Mediterranean.

It is, indeed, only as a trading nation that Britain is interested in the Mediterranean, and, provided that her ships have free access to Suez, she has no jealousy over France's development of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, or over Italy's capture of Tripoli and Libya from the Turks.

There is today no cause for war in the Mediterranean; peace is essential for the prosperity of all the countries round it.

THE KING'S ENGLAND IN PICCADILLY

Royal Academy Pictures

This year once again the pictures hung on the Royal Academy's wall are a bright tapestry of the King's England, its town and country, its people, its life, even its weather.

Its people are there in the portraits of the illustrious, the notable, and the nameless, and first among them stands the King, whose kindly face and the firm mouth inherited from his mother are well expressed in the painting of him by Mr Francis Hodge. Queen Mary herself, painted in regal splendour by Mr Simon Elwes, is in an adjoining room.

The King's counsellors are there also, at no great distance from him. Mr Neville Chamberlain erect and confident, Earl Baldwin looking as if his repose had been well earned, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Maugham, are among them; and there is a head in bronze of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which has caught his shrewd benevolence to the life. It breathes intellect.

Portraits of the Famous

These are among the famous; and we may add to them the Bishop of Durham, Sir Quiller-Couch, a true Cornishman as anyone can see, and Professor W. E. Turner, the chemist, surrounded in his Sheffield laboratory with some of his triumphs in glass-making. Among the ladies we must reckon first the Duchess of Kent, and among the unknown the delightful child whom the painter introduces as Presenting Jimmy Snodgrass. There are many other portraits, for this year the Academy is rich in pictures of those who play their important parts in the municipal and industrial life of England.

There is a group of portraits in one frame which everyone will look at with serious and respectful attention, for it is a "conversation piece" of the Academy's Hanging Committee, the men whose own pictures are on the walls and who select the works of all the other artists fitted to join them. It is painted by Mr F. Elwell, one of the elect.

The many portraits are set in English landscape. There are glimpses of the loveliest countryside in the world, loveliest because it is the land where we were born. There are Gloucestershire farmyards, and a Yorkshire ash tree; there are rivers like the Arun, and hayfields in the Cotswolds; there is Kingly Vale dotted with stunted bushes, Salisbury from the Downs, and a rainbow landscape of Harvest by Dame Laura Knight occupying a place of honour in the principal room, and fishing villages of Cornwall, of which we liked the slaty greys of Polperro the best.

Views of London

These are country scenes; but many painters have sought inspiration in the streets and byways of our towns, finding beauty in back gardens, and even in down-at-heel alleys. Here are Lord's Cricket Ground during a Test Match and London roofs; here, also, Coke Ovens in the Black Country and Cement Works in Surrey; and here at least half a dozen views of London, from Chelsea to Blackheath and Richmond, as the snowy days of last Christmas transformed it.

There is one small painting which will occupy many thoughts. It is by Charles Spencelayh, who follows in the line of Frith, who painted Victorian days and ways; and it is called Why War? In it an old soldier, grey-haired, with a line of ribbons on his coat, sits at breakfast in his lodging with all his treasured household goods round him. By his unfinished breakfast lies a gas mask; on a chair a newspaper open at the page "Chamberlain flies to Hitler." On the old soldier's face the question is plainly written; and all who see must echo it.

HOUSES NEED NOT BE UGLY

Power to Control Buildings

It is pointed out by Mr C. W. C. Needham, of the Yorkshire Architectural Society, that under the Town Planning Act of 1932 local authorities can prevent the erection of ugly buildings.

It is no longer necessary to look on while our countryside and suburban areas are littered with ugly, mean, and monotonous houses possessing little or no architectural character.

Control of the appearance of new buildings can now be exercised by local authorities if only they will prepare a planning scheme, including control of elevations. The whole of the eastern half of Yorkshire is now under architectural control, and undesirable developments likely to disfigure its towns and countryside are no longer permitted.

It is a great pity that all local authorities do not awaken to the powers they possess; or perhaps we should say it is a pity that the Government does not compel local authorities to protect the people they serve.

Mobilise Our Idle Men

Was any more melancholy thing ever set down on paper than the remark of a famous newspaper that defence calls for "the mobilisation of the unemployed labour resources of the country"?

It is not that we differ from the observation: it is that we think it a pity that only the fear of war should move us to do what ought to be done at any time in peace. What are the facts?

We have 261,000 men and 24,500 women who have been out of work for twelve months or more.

We have 49,000 men and 8,000 women who have been out of work for from nine to twelve months.

And we have another greater army who have been unemployed for from three to nine months.

These unfortunate people are scattered all over the land, but many are to be found in districts that once were the busiest in Britain.

The call is to organise work for these men, to put them to the doing of national tasks urgently calling for labour, and it is surely pitiful that people should imagine that only war can do this.

We criticise Germany, but we too often forget that Germany organises work so well that she finds, despite her enormous population, she has not labour enough to get done all that she wants to do, from rebuilding fine cities and making cheap cars for the people to building fortifications.

Peggy Day Begins to Play

Accidents often lead on to good fortune. It was an accident which brought fame to Peggy Day.

Three years ago she was carrying a jar of tadpoles to school when she fell. The jar was smashed, and Peggy's hand was so badly cut that after the wound had healed the doctor was afraid she might lose the use of her fingers. As it was necessary for her to exercise them constantly her father bought her an accordion, and Peggy practised so much that within a year she had won a medal. Though she is still only 14, she has gained four medals, two cups, and two diplomas, and she is now Yorkshire's girl champion.

This Sheffield girl is the cleverest of all young accordion players in the north of England. She is hoping to get a band together; but even if her dream of a band comes to nothing she has turned her misfortune into good fortune, and may boast that she has brought music out of a jar of tadpoles.

Her Son Steve

A POOR widow living a dull and colourless life in an Old People's Home—"on the shelf" for good and all.

That is how some people might describe little Mrs Kun, of Cluj, Transylvania, if they only saw her from a distance, not knowing with what happy, shining eyes she looks down from her shelf and how full and rich a life she is living by proxy since her son Steve has grown to man's estate.

It seems no longer ago than yesterday that he was a red-cheeked, sturdy little boy running happily about his father's farm. That was before he was run over by a carhorse and had his right hand crushed so that it had to be amputated. That terrible affair was only the beginning of their troubles, for not long afterwards Father Kun got into financial difficulties and was forced to sell the farm. The little family of three moved to Cluj and lived for years in penury and the irksome distress of country folk cooped up between brick walls.

Mr and Mrs Kun went out to work, and Steve was apprenticed to a grocer. He was a good and diligent apprentice, but "sugar and spice and all things nice" did not absorb all his thoughts. While his dexterous left hand made packages of tea and rice, his eyes scanned the faces of the customers he served, so as to reproduce them with pencil or pen in his sketch-book that evening. He never expected anything

to come of those sketches; but one day the guardian angel of budding talent stepped in, as he so often does, and put his sketch-book into the hands of one versed in art, who was sufficiently impressed by it to pull string after string until he had got the boy transferred from the grocer's shop to an art school in Budapest.

Soon after this Mr Kun died, and Mrs Kun, too frail now for the rough work which was all that she could get, found refuge in an almshouse. She might have pitied herself had it not been for Steve. Far from her as he is in body, he keeps her company day and night. It is the closest, sweetest communion, made easy by his weekly letters, which tell her every smallest detail of his life—except the fact that the stamps they bear have been bought out of the price of his supper. Arranged in neat piles and tied with lilac ribbon, these letters, so full of filial love and anxious solicitude, illumine her little cell-like room for her and give joy to her lonely life.

Words cannot say how proud she is of this gifted boy of hers who in the midst of the temptations of a great city has remained so good a son. She knows he is going to be a great painter; and it seems as if her faith were going to be justified, for he has just been awarded, at the age of 21, a gold medal for one of his pictures and a State scholarship for a year in Rome.

New Silks and Satins

SOMETHING new is taking place in the making of coloured silks, satins, and other dress materials, a change which will give us perfect designs of the quality of the finest photographs at a ridiculously low price.

Natural colour photographs of artist's designs are being printed on the textile material at the rate of some 20 yards an hour on rotary printing machines.

Ordinarily the designs are engraved on metal rollers which are used on printing machines somewhat similar to those used for printing a newspaper, but where a design for a fabric was in several colours a separate printing would be given for each colour, and these printings might run into as many as ten or eleven. We have learnt today, however, that all the colours in Nature can be imitated or reproduced by different mixtures of three primary colours—yellow, magenta, and bluish-green—and the coloured photographs we see reproduced in our magazines and advertisements are made with three printings in these colours (a black overlying "key-print" being generally used in addition).

When these three-colour prints, as they are called, are printed at a high speed on a rotary machine each ink

impression must dry before the next one is printed on top of it, and special methods of engraving and quick-drying inks have been necessary.

The problem is more difficult with silk or satin or fine dress material—which stretches easily—for each coloured impression must lie exactly on top of the other and be in perfect register.

Three-colour printing of photographic designs and original subjects has nevertheless been accomplished, and with three printings only in the three primary colours designs on silk and textile materials are being printed in perfect register and giving life-like results. All the colours in a complicated design are faithfully reproduced by the three colours. Each of these is applied with a separate roller, but the three rollers form part of one single machine, and the silk is fed in at one end and comes out completely printed at the other. The colours are, of course, washable.

It is a splendid combination of the photographer's and printer's arts, which will bring all kinds of new designs into existence for dress wear and draperies, and, like all modern improvements, will bring about a reduction in the cost of, and a speeding up of, the manufacture.

The Mistletoe Bough

THERE is to be sold at Christie's on the 18th of this month what is described as the chest round which is written that fine old song The Mistletoe Bough.

Written more than a century ago by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and set to music and sung all over the English-speaking world, the poem, which begins *The mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,* goes on to tell how on her bridal day the bride, tired of dancing, proposes a game of hide-and-seek, and, bidding young Lovell, her husband, be sure to be the one to find her, runs off, sees a long oak chest, and hides herself in it, only to find that the lid closes with a spring lock and that she is a prisoner. Years passed before she was found.

We are not impressed with the story that this is the actual chest, for the story is told of a hundred places. Samuel Rogers, the poet, brought it back from Italy, placing the scene at Modena, but

adding a footnote to his poem saying, "This story is, I believe, founded on fact, though the time and place are uncertain; many old houses in England lay claim to it." Florence also is said to have been the setting, and at an old palace there what is described as the original chest of the story is still shown.

In England the place most generally accepted as that where a chest became the tomb of the bride is the old home of the Copes at Bramshill, Hampshire, but the family records show no trace of any member of the household having suffered the fate of the legend's heroine. Mary Mitford, the author, wrote of the legend, but, after noting the Bramshill tradition, added that the story was common to old houses.

We hear of the elusive chest at the Leicestershire seat of the Hartopps; at Marwell Old Hall, near Winchester; at a parsonage in Hampshire, and again at Exton Hall, the seat of the Noels.

100 YEARS OF CHANGE

Remarkable Facts About Countries

It is of much interest to note that as long ago as 1841 the Census returns of the United Kingdom and France showed that the United Kingdom's population was 27,000,000 and that of France 34,000,000.

Now, after nearly a century, the French population (omitting foreigners) is 39,000,000 while the population of the British Isles is roundly 50,000,000.

There is no more remarkable fact in Europe than this comparison, which is the reason why France seeks military alliances; the reason why a big British army went to France in 1914.

Another interesting comparison is afforded by measuring the relative growth of different parts of the British Isles. Let us compare 1801 and 1938:

	1801	1938
England and Wales	8,900,000	41,300,000
Scotland	1,600,000	4,900,000
All Ireland	5,000,000	3,800,000
Total	15,500,000	50,000,000

The decline of the Irish people is a very sad thing; most of them have left Ireland and are scattered over the world.

The Cup that Cheers

Although a farthing a pound has been added to the tax on sugar the Chancellor of the Exchequer has permitted tea (and beer!) to escape without further impost, and so the international agencies engaged in promoting the sale of tea are free to extend their efforts without fiscal hindrance.

Such a show of leniency to the cup that cheers but not inebriates, as a poet has said, would have shocked great and good men whose names we still revere. John Wesley bade his followers regard tea as a deadly poison, and many of his successors preached against it.

William Cobbett, that wise counsellor of the poor, had a bee in his bonnet where tea was concerned. "Is it (he asked) in the power of any good labourer who has attained the age of fifty to look back upon the last thirty years of his life without cursing the day in which tea-drinking was introduced into England?"

To him tea was, "in fact, a weaker kind of laudanum, which enlivens for the moment and deadens afterwards." These and other good men were moved to indignation, it is supposed, by the habit of permitting the teapot to stand all day on the hob, turning a pleasant, innocent drink into mild poison.

The Blue-Tit

A correspondent writes:

I was much interested in the C N article on the blue-tit.

There has been a most noticeable increase in the number of these lovely little birds in the various Derbyshire dales in the last few years.

They were always to be seen, of course, but not in such great numbers. Until about two years ago they were comparatively rare in the picturesque Ravens Dale. The homely sparrow was there in large numbers, but the audacious blue-tit seems to have ousted the sparrow completely, for now they are as rare as the blue-tits are numerous.

Farther south, in the Manifold Valley, the little blue, white, green, black, and yellow bird is becoming as numerous.

As the C N says, they often hang upside-down as they feed. The other day I watched an amusing tussle between a dipper and a blue-tit. The dipper was dipping away perched on a stone in the middle of the River Lathkil, near Corks-bury Bridge. Hanging over the stream was the branch of a tree, and there a blue-tit hung head down, pecking away at something the dipper was trying to defend on its stone.

FATHER AND SON AND THEIR TWO CITIES

A LIVERPOOL sculptor has just put the final touches to his statue of Captain Francis Light which is to stand in Penang, the far-off seaport founded by this mariner from Suffolk 150 years ago; and we are reminded of a father and a son who founded two cities of the Empire.

Penang was the first British possession in Malaya, and though Singapore, founded 30 years later by the immortal

Madras, where he took command of a trading ship of a firm of merchants.

It was an adventurous life and there was keen competition with the Dutch in East Indian waters. Light kept his eyes open and made friends with local sultans and others whom he met on his lonely voyages. One of his friends was Dr Koenig, a Danish botanist, whose manuscript in the British Museum records meetings at Malacca and Junk Ceylon, and tells how the doctor found him an enlightened, sympathetic companion.

In the year 1771, when Warren Hastings was guiding the destinies of Madras, Francis Light wrote to his firm there urging the establishment of a trading outpost on the deep harbour of Penang, or at Malacca. Nothing was done about it, however, for there were troubles in India, and ten years later there was war with France. Indeed, Light's own ship the *Blake* was captured for a few days by the French.

The First Settlers

Then Francis Light arrived with a definite offer from the Rajah of Kedah to grant Penang to the East India Company for £1200 a year. It was decided to accept, and an expedition was prepared. So in 1786 Captain Light sailed from Calcutta in command of three ships with 15 white gunners and 100 native marines. After paying a call on the Rajah at Kedah, and taking on board provisions and a few Malays willing to settle on the island, the tiny squadron crossed the few miles to Penang Harbour, where two days were spent in taking soundings.

The whole island seemed to be covered with forest and not a man was to be seen. Thirty years before it had been a haunt of pirates, but the rajah had driven them away. So boats were loaded with marines and Malays equipped with axes and knives, and the first landing was made on Point Penaggar, where all set to work to cut down the trees on the place which is today the Esplanade.

For a month the task of clearing the forest, digging wells, and building huts went on, a letter from Captain Light recording how they had visitors of all kinds from the mainland, some for curiosity, some for gain, and some for plunder; but only those willing to wield a billhook were admitted.

A New Outpost of Empire

On August 10 two more of the Company's ships arrived, so on the following day Captain Light held the formal ceremony of occupation, officers hauling the British Flag to wave over the new outpost of Empire. The next day happened to be the birthday of the Prince of Wales (the future King George the Fourth), so Captain Light named it Prince of Wales Island and its town Georgetown, but its native name of Penang has persisted to this day.

Light kept a diary in those early days, and his entries tell us something of his difficulties. The Europeans, for example, were very idle, the hardness of the wood broke the axes, and he encouraged the workers by firing a charge of silver dollars into the forest ahead of them.

Settlers came along from Burma, Siam, and China, but the Malays were the most numerous. In eight years the population rose to 25,000. For months the Bengal Government sent their Superintendent, as they called him, nothing, and he had to carry on the government of his motley subjects as best he could. He relied on the headmen of the different nationalities to judge petty offences, and formed a court-martial of the leading inhabitants to try more serious crimes.

After five years he went to Calcutta to report, still full of enthusiasm in spite of the long years of indifference at headquarters. He told of the magnificent anchorage, of the good soil and water, and of a settlement capable of supporting 50,000 people.

Already goods to the annual value of £120,000 were being imported. Yet he failed to convince his hearers of the future value of Penang, and returned to carry on alone for five more years. He discovered on the island a nutmeg similar to the nutmeg of commerce; he planted cloves and introduced the pepper vine. Tin too was discovered.

Now, Captain Light was really a merchant with great opportunities of enriching himself by methods which he regarded as dishonest, though practised often enough in the East. His salary as Superintendent was 1000 rupees a month, and the Government refused to raise it so that he could give up trading. Nor could he obtain help in other difficulties.

The Rajah of Kedah turned treacherous, attacking the island with 8000 Malays. In an appeal for help to Admiral Cornwallis, Light wrote, "What a reflection it would be to suffer so many thousands to be massacred who are here in confidence of the British protection!" But no man-of-war was sent, and with 400 well-disciplined men of his own Light drove off the invaders, and no hostile force has since landed on Penang.

Father of His People

But it was the problem of justice that troubled him most of all. In a letter to the Indian Government in 1794, shortly before he died, he begged for the setting up of a system worthy of the nation which had undertaken to protect the settlers. It was improper, he declared, for the Superintendent to exercise an arbitrary judgment on persons and things.

Francis Light lived in a house which he named Suffolk, and he lies in a tomb in the old cemetery, while on a tablet in the church we read how the settlers and natives were greatly attached to the man who watched over their interests and cares as a father.

Romantic stories about this pioneer made their way to England, and one which persisted for years was that Francis Light married a daughter of the Rajah of Kedah. But it has been established that his wife was Martina Rozells, a Portuguese whom he met at a mission station at Kedah. The eldest of their five children, William, was only ten when his father died, but he was sent to England to school.

As an officer in the Dragoons William served with distinction in the Peninsular War, when his knowledge of his

mother's native language helped him to win promotion. With something of the adventurous spirit of his father, William returned to Spain in 1823 to take part in a revolutionary movement, and later he served in the Egyptian Navy with Sir John Hindmarsh.

But England had work of her own for her sons and they were summoned home, Hindmarsh to be appointed



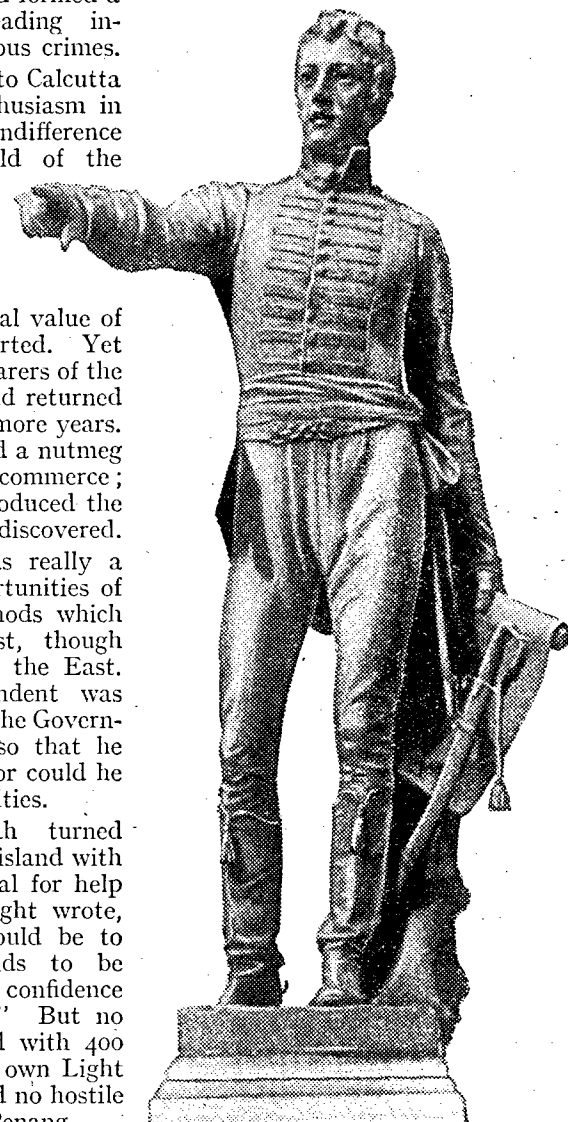
The new statue for Penang of Captain Francis Light—By Mr F. J. Wilcoxson

Stamford Raffles, has been the capital of the Straits Settlements for a century, Penang held that distinction for 50 years.

It was the foresight and perseverance of Francis Light which gave the Empire this lovely island with a magnificent harbour, and it was Francis Light who attracted workers and traders to its shores and ruled them with wisdom and courage.

Very little was known of this splendid pioneer until this century, but search has been made in old manuscripts, letters, diaries, and account books, and from them has emerged the real story of a man worthy to rank with those founders of the Empire whose names and deeds have long been enshrined in our nation's story.

Francis Light was born at Dallinghoo in Suffolk in 1740, and was sent by his guardian William Negus to Seckford Grammar School at Woodbridge, where on the pane of a mullioned window we can see his boyish signature crudely scratched. After serving in the navy as a midshipman for four years he set out on an East Indiaman, the *Clive*, for



Colonel William Light as he stands in Adelaide. Reproduced by courtesy of the Australian National Travel Association

first governor of a new colony to be established in South Australia and Light to go out in advance to select a site for a capital to be named after Queen Adelaide.

So Colonel William Light sailed east again, past the island which his father had made so prosperous, and selected and surveyed the site of a new capital in the Empire. There he worked for two years surveying a harbour second only to Sydney in its natural advantages; and there in 1838 he died, his friends placing in his coffin a statement that he was the founder of Adelaide, and a later generation erecting a statue in his honour.

Francis and William Light, father and son, rest in the cities they founded, each honoured by a statue erected by the grateful inhabitants of the Empire outpost of their dreams.

Today, indeed, Penang is becoming an important base in the guarding of our route to the Far East; an aerodrome is being built on the island at a cost of over half a million pounds. Its present population of 150,000 is therefore likely to increase considerably in the coming years.

THE EARTH'S THIN COVER

Man Ruining His World

Imagine a globe of unsolidified material, with solid rock for its outer coat where cooled by space, and over the rocky crust in some parts (but not all, for most of the surface is covered with water) a thin, an exceedingly thin, layer of particles of rock mixed with organic matter. Imagine this and you imagine what is in fact our little world.

By carefully cultivating plants and by domesticating animals on the thin layer of soil man for centuries gained a living in certain restricted areas in favoured lands. The more advanced races learned, as in Europe, to replenish the thin layer of cultivated soil by manuring it, so that crops never failed through the centuries.

Then, as population grew and men ventured over the seas, they found "new lands," sometimes sparsely inhabited, as in North America; sometimes more thickly inhabited, as in South America. These new lands often had rich covers of grassland where crops could readily be raised year after year without manuring. So arose what may be called scratch farming, where man used up fertility and never dreamed of replacing it.

Giving Away Their Soil

In America this enabled the farmers to sell wheat so cheaply that the price fell to 23s per quarter, and the quarter loaf fell to 4½d in London. What the Americans were really doing was to give away their precious soil. So arose the new American desert, the Dust Bowl, as it is called.

The same wanton destruction has proceeded and is proceeding in Canada, in Australia, in Africa—wherever, indeed, the great virgin areas offered men the chance to ruin the natural inheritance of mankind.

Two scientists, Dr G. V. Jacks and Dr R. O. Whyte, have now written a very serious book on the subject in which they solemnly warn the nations of the evil that is being wrought. All statesmen should read it and turn from high politics to humbler and more useful things.

Fortunately there are one or two nations where naturally waste land is being turned into fine soil. The general rule is very different; it is to turn naturally good soil into waste land.

Mother's Day

By Lady Baldwin

The Executive Committee of the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees have decided, as what will probably be one of their last major efforts before the Fund closes, to make a nation-wide appeal to mothers on Saturday, May 13, for bringing another thousand children out of Greater Germany. They are to be given temporary homes in this country until they are trained and ready for emigration.

I am proud to be associated with my husband's appeal because, as a mother, nothing moves me more deeply than accounts of German mothers begging refugee workers and organisations to take away their children so that these innocent victims of "man's inhumanity to man" may be spared further humiliation and suffering and be allowed to laugh and play again.

The Lord Baldwin Fund has allotted nearly half of the money so far obtained to the rescue of children, of whom some 3000 have been brought to this country since November. I am told, however, that something like 60,000 non-Aryan children are left in Greater Germany. Is it too much to ask that on Mother's Day we should make it our business to rescue at least another thousand children?

Tamerlane the Conqueror

RESTORING HIS TOMB AT SAMARKAND

At Samarkand the Russian Government has begun to restore the tomb of mighty Tamerlane, who gave this place a name to set beside his own in the history of the world.

Tamerlane was the third of the ruthless barbarians who came from out the East to be the scourges of the West. First was Attila the Hun, whose hordes swept through the early Roman Empire till they were turned back at Troyes in France. Next was Genghiz Khan the Tartar, whose onset drove the Saxons and others to the borders of the Baltic and the North Sea. Then, when this tempest was almost forgotten, Tamerlane came storming out of the steppes and deserts of the restless East.

All three were monsters, but Tamerlane's fame stands highest because this son of Eastern Turkestan rested at the last from his conquests and left the West at peace. Also he kept other Turcomans quiet and put off the fall of Constantinople for half a century.

He chose Samarkand as the capital of the empire he had made for himself. Then, as now, it was a place of beauty standing on a low plateau swept by cool winds, with guardian mountains near, and flowery valleys by its side. Then as now it was the meeting-place of East and West, and fertile and prosperous beyond the common lot of the towns of Turkestan.

A recent traveller has rather oddly compared its position to that of Munich in Europe, though, except for distant mountains, its surroundings are so different. A maze of yellow houses nestles among a bulging wealth of trees; and in the middle distance is the turquoise cupola of Bibi-Khanum, erected by Tamerlane to the memory of his favourite wife. Five centuries of exposure have as yet not dimmed the lustre of the colouring or the glazed tile work.

A Grandson's Tribute

The glassy enamel of these wonderful mosaics is incorruptible. Their beauty clings like the scent of the rose, though the buildings are shattered. It is so with what is left of Gur-amir, the tomb of Tamerlane, which was completed in 1404 by his grandson Ulegbek, who was no soldier but an astronomer. Strange it is to think that below this cupola, these arches throwing back the sunlight from arabesques of turquoise and marble inlaid with script of gold, lies the dust of Tamerlane.

He is no more than a name, his empire vanished, his capital of Samarkand become no more than a town of a Soviet republic. But the splendour of his tomb,

the work of unknown, unremembered craftsmen, still glows in decay though its structure falls to pieces. It might be best to let it depart slowly instead of trying to patch or restore it. But Samarkand is a treasure house of perishing beauty, from the wondrous domes and minarets of the Shakhzinde to the gigantic arch of the Rigistan. The Persian Exhibition in London gave us some idea of what it is like.

Nearby is ancient Marakanda, where Alexander rested and presently turned back. Tamerlane was mightier, for he never retreated, except to advance farther. He began, a lame, insignificant man, as Governor of Kish in 1360. In ten years, while keeping a descendant of Genghiz Khan by his side as nominal ruler, he made himself master of all the country on the far side of the River Oxus, Transoxiana. He was a fighter when a boy of twelve. At 25 he was a master of men, who had known imprisonment, and looked on the face of death without dismay.

The Mogul Empire

A fertile country 500 miles long and as many broad might have satisfied some men, but not Tamerlane. In 30 years and in 35 victorious campaigns he had traced his way in blood and fire over Asia. Persia, Tartary, and India fell to him. Persia was ruined. Turkestan, or Eastern Tartary, was neither the better nor worse, except that those who took the sword against Tamerlane perished by it. In India, more successful than Alexander, he laid the foundations of the Mogul Empire.

Delhi knew him, and the sacred Ganges, where he learned that another Turcoman, Bajazet, or Bayazet, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, was likely to dispute his sovereignty of the world. He came back to meet and to defeat him. The rivals exchanged insults and then joined battle. Bajazet the Ottoman was beaten, his army destroyed, and himself carried captive—legend says in an iron cage, though Tamerlane, who wrote his own biography, denies it.

But this is certain, that Tamerlane's campaigns carried him over Persia, Afghanistan, Turkestan, India, and Russia, where Moscow trembled at his coming. He pillaged Syria and Mesopotamia; he captured Smyrna; and only by the grace of God turned back at the Aegean Sea. He rested for a time at Samarkand, but when nearing the age of 70 was on his way to the conquest of China when, in 1405, he died. He had killed millions and made millions desolate, and all the world breathed more freely when he was gone.

Why should he be remembered? Only to assure us that the triumphs and the empires of such men fall ingloriously in ruins, like those that are now crumbling in Samarkand.

All Friends Together at College

WE like the spirit of the students of Goddard College in Vermont, USA, who have voted unanimously to help with the menial work of the institution in order to reduce the running expenses and so liberate more money for scholarships.

Formerly only scholarship students waited at table and did other domestic duties, and this led to a sort of class distinction which the students disliked. Now everybody is required to do his share, and after a period of trial it has been put to the vote whether to continue or not. The students voted with one voice for the new system. When asked whether they thought the domestic tasks they perform were educational, all but six thought they were.

Arrangements are to be under the control of a student committee, the

preferences of the students for the type of work they want to do are to be considered, and tasks are to be rotated two or three times during the term. The students ask that members of the staff be available to show the unskilled quicker and better methods of work, so that everyone will finish his daily services in an hour.

Wise after the fact, we can see that some such system as this should have been introduced into European universities 20 years ago. Many a well-educated refugee would have been better equipped for life had he learned in his youth how to make beds, sweep floors, scrub vegetables, and wash up. We quite agree with the students of Goddard College—these activities are educational, and no one is actually independent who has not mastered them.

PROGRESS OF THE GRID SYSTEM

More Electricity Used

Though many industrial countries showed a decrease in their output of electricity last year, and all showed a reduction in the rate of increase compared with 1937, the production in this country was higher than anticipated.

In their eleventh annual report the Central Electricity Board state that the total output from public supply stations in Great Britain in 1938 was 24,376 million units, an increase of 1474 millions over the output in 1937. When we realise that many countries have cheap water power available our success is remarkable.

The requirements of the iron and steel industry and the development of new manufacturing processes made good a decline in textile, shipbuilding, and other industries, while there was a further extension in the use of electricity for all domestic purposes, railway traction, and transport services.

At the end of last year the grid had 4378 miles of transmission lines and 304 switching and transforming stations, with a total transforming capacity of 10,442,000 kVA. The increase of generating plant was 621,500 kilowatts, the most important set brought into service being a 60,000 kw turbo-alternator in the Fulham station.

A Red Letter Day

Though there was no addition to the number of selected stations during the year, it was found necessary to build one at Little Barford, a village on the Great Ouse, to serve the counties of Bedford, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, and this will be operating before the end of 1941.

One of the red letter days last year was when for the first time the grid in all its nine areas was normally operated as one interconnected system. A national control organisation had been established in a room at Bankside in London, where by telephone or teleprinter all the necessary information from the areas was assembled.

Thus when the maximum load last winter rose to 6,700,400 kilowatts the control rooms in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow, which were responsible for the 159 stations generating this peak load, were in direct touch with the room in Bankside. Substantial economies are thus achieved, and the report states that intercommunication through the grid made it possible to control the operation of the generating stations so that fourteen of the most economical supplied half the board's requirements.

Studying the Lightning

This efficiency in generation would have benefited the electricity consumer had it not been for the increased cost of coal, which was 5s 6d a ton higher than in 1935.

Another satisfactory feature of the year's accounts was that the Board was able to pay out of revenue the interest due on a sum of £36,725,000, nearly four times the sum they were legally obliged to pay.

In the scientific field some of the most interesting investigations have been in connection with lightning arresters. The National Physical Laboratory has collaborated, and a study was made of the characteristics of natural lightning in Nigeria, where lightning storms are of more regular and frequent occurrence than in this country.

Brindley's Aqueduct

Built by that great engineer James Brindley over 170 years ago, the Higher Walton aqueduct, which carries the Bridgewater Canal over the main Warrington-to-Chester road, is to be replaced by a modern reinforced concrete bridge.

SATURN, VENUS, AND THE CRESCENT MOON

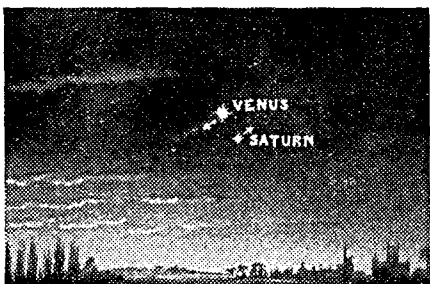
Where to Find the Comet

By the C N Astronomer

The planets Saturn and Venus will appear quite close together in the early morning sky during next week; Venus, being much the brighter, will be easily recognised low in the east.

Saturn, however, will not be so readily seen against the twilight sky, for these planets do not rise until soon after 4 o'clock, and so there remains only about an hour before sunrise during which to observe them.

Glasses may be necessary in order to see Saturn, but as he will appear in the same field-of-view as Venus he will be easily found. Saturn will be a little way to the left of and below Venus until Tuesday morning, May 16; after Tuesday he will be to the right of Venus, as

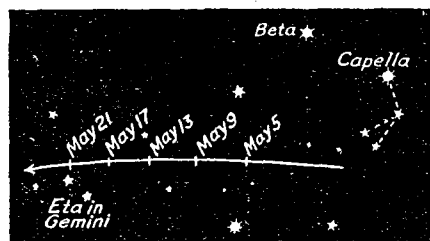


Venus and Saturn passing one another on Tuesday next, in the early morning sky

she will appear to have passed him, and the two planets will gradually separate, Saturn rising to a much higher altitude. They will appear at their nearest together on the mornings of May 16 and 17, when only about twice the Moon's apparent width will separate them. On these mornings the crescent Moon will also be present, on Tuesday a little way above and to the right of the planets, on Wednesday a little way below and to the left of them; thus providing a charming spectacle in the rising dawn.

This conjunction of these two planets, as astronomers call it, will give us a good opportunity for getting our first peep at Saturn since he passed from far behind and beyond the Sun and became a "morning star." Saturn is at present about 928,000,000 miles away, but is coming much nearer and rising about half an hour earlier each week, so that in a few weeks' time he will be a prominent feature of the night sky. As his grand Ring System is also opening out and being presented less edgewise, as seen from the Earth, Saturn will consequently appear brighter than for five years past. Venus is actually much nearer to us than to Saturn, being about 130,000,000 miles distant and receding from us.

The new comet, described in last week's C N, is now known as Comet Jurlot-Achmarof-Hassel 1939d, later reports revealing that Hassel was not the only discoverer. It is now rapidly receding from the Earth and the Sun,



The Comet's path, showing its position on succeeding dates

for calculations by astronomers show that the comet was at perihelion, or its nearest point to the Sun, on April 10.

Nevertheless the dark, moonless nights of next week should provide some good opportunities for obtaining a view of it. It will not be visible to the naked eye, but field-glasses should show it as a misty star. The star-map shows the comet's path from Auriga into Gemini. This region is in the north-west after nightfall.

G. F. M.

The Heroic Refugees From Guernica

OF the hundreds of thousands of refugees in the world today possibly 5000 Basques have given the most shining example of heroism and determination.

After being driven out of their country by General Franco in 1937 they joined the Catalan Army, only to be compelled, in January, to take refuge in France.

These 5000 Basques (all men) were put into a concentration camp at Argeles-sur-Mer, a little seaside place on the Mediterranean coast near Perpignan.

The fact that they were without adequate food, shelter, or clothing in a foreign country, and guarded by black Senegalese troops like prisoners of war, did not destroy their fine spirit. Instead of bemoaning their lot they at once began to organise themselves into an active community.

With the help of the Basque Government, in exile like themselves, they managed to purchase building material—wood, cement, girders, carpenter's benches and tools, and so on—from the French General Staff. Architects among them drew up plans, and, organising themselves according to their various trades, they soon began to construct a wood-built settlement.

On this barren spot sprang up huge pavilions capable of holding 2000 people, a hospital, and an infirmary; modelled on French colonial buildings in Algiers, a church, for the Basques are a religious people, shops, and workshops, even including a barber's establishment.

Social life was developed, and at week-ends French officers brought their wives and children to chat with them or to listen to their superb male choir.

In this way they gained the confidence of the French Government. Now they have been granted a unique privilege, that of being allowed to build themselves a capital on French soil in the French Basque country.

Work at Argeles-sur-Mer has therefore been suspended, and these 5000 workmen are to travel with their equipment to Mauleon, in the foothills of the Pyrenees, near Bayonne. There they are to begin the building of a new town whose name will be Guernica-Berri (New Guernica), which will replace temporarily the ancient Guernica, the Holy City of the Basques, which was destroyed by aerial bombardment in 1937.

Their first act will be to plant in the centre of the site a young oak tree, one of the many grown in French soil from shoots taken from the famous parent oak of Guernica, the symbol of Basque liberty and independence. Around it they will erect a town hall, a church, schools, and academies. As houses and streets are built the scattered Basque families will reunite, and Basque craftsmen will establish businesses in wood, willow, and metalwork, for, owing to the threat of persecution, these refugees are not yet able to return to Spain. When they are able to do so they will hand over their town in its entirety to the French Government.

The Wonderful Toys

A C N travelling correspondent has been looking at some of America's new toys.

They seem more wonderful than ever. Above all they are designed to make the youngsters practical-minded, for they are all so useful and perfect in every detail that a shop would find it hard to sell a model car without a number plate.

No longer is a child content to run a useless roller over the lawn. He rides proudly about on a tractor behind which he pulls a fertiliser spreader; then he gets busy harvesting the grass with a model threshing machine! For the scientifically-minded there is a polarised light instrument with which a boy will be able to startle his mother by telling her that her handkerchief is made of

cotton and not linen, as she fondly imagined. More than 60 chemical experiments can be carried out with the new chemistry sets.

Little girls are thrilled with a doll which blows real bubbles when a soap pipe is put in its mouth and its chest is pressed; and boys rejoice in a toy bloodhound named Snoopy which barks when it is taken for a walk.

But what is sure to drive the most devoted of parents and nurses to distraction is the box of wireless sound effects. By pressing a button the nursery is filled with the roars and crashes of a terrific thunderstorm. Another gadget in the box produces noises of rain, hail, and sleet. But perhaps the worst din of all is the squealing of a pig!

Father's Hat

Years ago one of our most popular songs was about the saucy little bird in Nellie's Hat. The song came to mind the other day when we read of a Yorkshireman at Driffield who was walking down the street when he met his son. No sooner did the son see his father than he burst out laughing.

"What in the world are you laughing at?" the father demanded, crossly.

"Your hat," replied the boy. "Just look what's on it!"

A pet budgerigar was perched on the crown.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of May 1914

The Fastest Journey Ever Made. For the first few years of aviation the great majority of flying records were held by Frenchmen, but now Germany seems to be taking the place of France in this respect. The latest instance of this is provided by a German army officer, Lieutenant Hesse, who flew with a passenger, in a 100 h-p monoplane, from Hanover to Berlin. The distance between these towns is 180 miles, and the journey was completed, with the help of a boisterous following wind, in an hour, or at a speed of three miles a minute.

It is safe to say that no man has ever travelled at such a pace before.

The Desert Blossoms

The words of Isaiah, who declared that the desert should blossom as the rose, have come true in a region of the Sahara, for a garden has sprung up amid the sands.

It is three years since 3000 Arabs who had been sentenced for crime were pardoned by Marshal Balbo, Governor of Libya. Complete freedom was not given them, but they were told they might build a little kingdom of their own in the desert, and at Uan el Kebir they set to work to found a colony.

Men who had once been prisoners breathed the desert air they loved, looked out on vast open spaces, and realised that life might be worth living again if they made the most of it. Accepting the challenge of this new hope, they set to work to dig wells, soon finding an abundant supply of water.

The barren ground was ploughed and irrigated. Seeds were sown, and what must have seemed at first a hopeless task began to show surprising results.

Intensive cultivation transformed the desert. A village sprang up. The wives and families of the men were taken to the green oasis, and today fruits and vegetables are raised in this new garden where Marshal Balbo is succeeding in changing not only the wilderness, but the whole life and outlook of the colony he has founded.

SMALL NATIONS AND THEIR TRADE

New Zealand's Problems

British and foreign merchants must surely reconcile themselves to the obvious fact that New Zealand cannot import extravagantly without affecting her financial position.

The New Zealanders number only 500,000 families, and they have already borrowed from the Mother Country very big sums on which they have to pay interest. That interest goes out in the form of meat, wool, dairy produce, and fruit. Having thus to pay out, they have the less to send overseas to pay for imports of goods.

So the Government of the Dominion has made big cuts in the import list. Some imports are prohibited altogether, others severely cut down. Preference is given to the British exporter. The import of bicycles from Britain is cut down by a quarter, while foreign bicycles are entirely prohibited. The cuts are temporary, and will be removed when the financial position is better.

One New Zealand newspaper suggests borrowing in London, but that would not in the long run help; rather it would make things worse.

It is earnestly to be hoped that British exporters will remember that New Zealand has the right to self-government, and ought not to be threatened for minding her own business. We read in one daily paper that "a member of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce said that if New Zealand did not buy our manufactures they could not expect us to buy their food."

This, with all respect to Wolverhampton, is not good sense. If we did not buy New Zealand lamb New Zealand could not pay interest on the British loans to her.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the School Broadcast programmes for the week beginning Monday, May 15.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—"Take-all" and "Silver Leaf": by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Early Stages in Music—What is a Chord? by Thomas Armstrong. TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Games and Spells. 2.30 Our English Speech (7)—How Changes in Speaking have made Changes in Spelling: by Harold Orton. 3.0 Concert Lessons—Words and Music (2): by Thomas Armstrong. WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—Paul Jones: by Mervyn Mills. 2.30 Biology—Extinct Animals: by H. Munro Fox. THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography—Roads and Railways of Iran: by F. McDermott and A. G. Bonn. 2.5 Birds that Fish in the River: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—For the Term of His Natural Life: by D. Scott Daniell. FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—Life on the Yangtse-Kiang: by Florence Dean. 2.45 A True Story in Dialogue Form. 3.10 A talk with musical illustrations about the stories and characters in some well-known folk-songs and country dances. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms—Anthropology (1).

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister. TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Servant Maid: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Senior English—The Killyard School (2): by John R. Allan. 3.0 As National. WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Humming Sounds (2): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The World of Sound: by R. C. Garry. THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Tune-Making: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Plants of the Moor: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Transport on Land: by H. Hamilton. FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (The Near East: 3, Beyond the Desert): by K. H. Huggins. 2.45 Scenes from Oliver Twist: by W. M. Clyde.

FORTUNE LANE

Short Serial by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 3

Cringan and Cringan

FORTUNE LANE! Though it wasn't a lane, but a street, the name thrilled Peter through and through as he passed down it and came out again bang into another bevy of the new houses. He thought of mushrooms springing up in a field, for all of them appeared to have sprung up at once, and each of them was so much the image of the rest.

And how quickly they had been snapped up, these little houses! For, brand-new as they were, though he went along road after road of them he only counted ten or a dozen to let boards.

"That settles it!" said he to himself, his eyes sparkling.

Then back he went to Fortune Lane at full pelt. About halfway down this street he had noticed just now a little shop inscribed James Cringan, Bicycles By All Makers. He had noticed as well a long-faced young man in its doorway; and there he was still, framed in his doorway. Quick! To catch him now before he went in for his lunch, for one o'clock had just struck.

"Mr James Cringan?" panted Peter, a bit out of breath. He must break himself of this breathless habit, he thought. But you had to run in chase of a living?

"That's me," concurred the young man. "Ah, bicycles by all makers, I see," observed Peter.

"Then your eyes must be better than mine," the young man replied.

Peter laughed. "I mean, I see it over your door. I didn't mean that I actually saw them," he said.

"You wouldn't," rejoined Mr Cringan, smiling a little. Peter liked his long, serious face when that friendly smile lighted it. "But I'm here to secure you all the best machines in the market."

"Yes, thank you," said Peter. "But one will do to go on with."

"Step inside, and I'll show you the catalogues."

So in he went. The shop was as clean as a new pin, but the stock had mostly found its way into the window.

"Why, it looks as if you've sold out!" Peter exclaimed.

"Yes, doesn't it?" agreed Mr Cringan, confidently. "It looks as though business was brisk! But it couldn't be flatter."

"I see," remarked Peter.

"Ah, but you wait! You wait till I get things going, my lad. Then I'll show you something like a stock!" vowed the young man, his long face changed all at once to a mirror of optimism in which Peter could see all his own ambitions reflected. It did Peter good.

"Mr Cringan," he uttered, "are your terms cash or credit?"

"Cash," returned Mr Cringan promptly.

"Oh, cash!" echoed Peter. "I thought perhaps you did hire-purchase?"

"I do hire-purchase! Hire-purchase would more like do me. My hire-purchaser he jumps on my machine at my door—and over the hills and far away, that's where he'd be next! So you want a machine on credit, do you, my lad?" The young man was smiling again as he looked Peter over.

"I haven't got your name?"

"It's Quentin," said Peter.

"Do you live hereabouts?"

"I am going to."

"And do you think I could trust you?"

"I thought you looked as if you might," observed Peter.

"Well, looks ain't nothing to go upon," droned Mr Cringan. "But the point is, you are hard up, lad. I'm hard up as well. So we start equal, eh?" He let out a laugh. "So supposing I let you have a good honest second-hand push-bike and charge you £2 10s for it, pay when you can? Does that strike you as a sound proposition?"

"Yes, very," said Peter.

"Well, it doesn't to me," observed Mr Cringan, surprisingly. "An old-fashioned, second-hand bike won't fetch anything today, when all of them want nothing but the low racers. So if you says to me, Jimmy Cringan, you're asking too much, I has to confess that I am." He drew a deep sigh. "But if you says to me, Jimmy Cringan, I'll pay you £2, but, mark you, Jimmy, you must allow me to pay as I can, then says I to you, Done! It's a deal." And swinging round, before Peter could get a word in, he fished out from one of the corners a sturdy machine, which he wheeled to and fro with a face more solemn than

ever. "There you are!" said he. "Guaranteed by Cringan and Cringan."

"I say," exclaimed Peter, as soon as he'd uttered his thanks, "I didn't know you had a partner!"

"Oh, didn't you?" smiled Cringan, as he pointed to a small child which came toddling through a door at the back. He swooped on it and caught it up in his arms. "Here you are! Here's my partner! Say how-do to the gentleman, pard!"

"I say! What's his name, please?" said Peter.

"James Cringan, the same as his father," the young man said proudly. "Three years old he was yesterday."

So after Cringan and Cringan had oiled the machine, and the senior partner had thrown in a lamp, as a "sweetener," he called it, Peter shook hands with the firm, one after the other, with a promise to return to give his address, and, leaving them his pack to look after meanwhile, he mounted and pedalled off to the High Street. The bicycle might have been built for him, it ran so smoothly.

"I shall christen you," Peter informed it gravely, "Bucephalus. Oh, I know that Bucephalus is the dickens of a name, but Alexander the Great's famous steed was called that. So you ought to feel proud."

The ageing bicycle rattled vehemently in every spoke.

"That settles it!" chanted Peter.

CHAPTER 4

Touch and Go

THEY came to an ironmonger's. They stopped at the kerb. Bucephalus stayed there, his master entered the shop.

A man in a fawn-coloured coat advanced to receive him.

"Good morning!" said Peter.

"Good morning, sir!" said the man.

Peter cast his eyes round here and there.

"Is this shop yours?" he asked.

"It certainly is," replied the man.

Peter's fingers went to a pocket. "That's fine," he said, beaming. "Because, you see, unless the shop was your own I couldn't expect you to accept my suggestion."

"I don't see," declared the proprietor. "I haven't heard you make any suggestion."

"All in good time," smiled Peter. "Have you plenty of strong, useful buckets?"

"Buckets!" echoed the ironmonger, with a loud groan. "Buckets! I've enough to bail out the ocean. So it's no good you suggesting selling me any, young as you are, my lad, to be travelling in hardware."

"I see," nodded Peter. "Have you lots of reliable wash-leathers?"

"Enough to clean all the silver in the King's palace."

"That's splendid!" said Peter, removing his closed hand from his pocket. "Then listen! Here's my suggestion. I'll swap you a watch for a bucket and three hefty wash-leathers."

The ironmonger gaped.

"I've no money," said Peter. "At least, only half a crown. On the other hand, you've no end of buckets and leathers. You've said so yourself. So what about a fair swap?"

Then he opened his hand, disclosing an old silver watch.

"Does it go?"

"No," sighed Peter.

"It's a solid silver case, is it?"

"Try it," said Peter.

"And you want a brand-new bucket and three large, strong wash-leathers."

"The larger and stronger, the better, please."

The man was staggered. He took the watch in the palm of his hand and regarded it with a wild and bewildered expression. "Well," he burst out at last, "you get the best of the bargain, for as a watch it's as valuable as a ha'porth of nails, and as silver I reckon it wouldn't fetch more than 6s." Then he pointed to a number of assorted buckets. "You can take your pick," he invited, "while I fetch the leathers."

"You're a sportsman!" cried Peter.

"Always was," laughed the ironmonger.

"Buckets!" He guffawed. "I reckon a bucket won't break me!"

Then he saw Peter off with the wash-leathers done in a bundle and the last word in buckets on Bucephalus's handle-bar.

"Any windows to clean, madam?"

The inquiry was addressed a few minutes later to the lady who had answered the door at one of the new little houses. Said she, abruptly, "I suppose you've been taking a look and you've noticed that my windows could do with a clean?"

He smiled at her. "Yes," he admitted.

"I spotted they could."

"And how much do you charge?"

"For the front and the back, madam?"

She liked being addressed as madam.

He saw that at once. Besides, it appeared the proper way to address her.

"The back?" she said musingly. "No, the maid can do those. But what is your charge for cleaning the five in the front?"

"A shilling, madam. They shall twinkle like diamonds."

"Very well. Go ahead," she said, with a laugh. "You can fill your bucket from the tap in the garage. But wait a minute!" she added. "Where is your ladder? You'll have to get on a ladder for the three top windows."

"I thought you might lend me a ladder," he uttered persuasively.

"I haven't one to lend you. I'm sorry."

And, shaking her head, and repeating that she was sorry, she wished him good morning and shut the door in his face.

Dished! He and Bucephalus and the leathers and his jolly bucket were dished. He'd been tingling all over while he prospected the house, and his heart had been in his mouth as he came up the path, with the feeling that unless he "clicked" here he'd click nowhere.

And here were the leathers aching to get to their work. And here was the bucket reproaching him on the doorstep. And there was Bucephalus waiting excitedly by the gate. And here was he, with the door shut in his face. Dished!

After these dismal reflections he drew a deep breath, then pressed the doorbell again. Nothing happened.

"Third time lucky!" he muttered, and rang once more.

The woman came back, and with her a fine smell of cooking, which reminded him how terribly hungry he was.

"So it's you again!" she was saying. And her voice, which had been so pleasant before, was quite sharp now.

"I have thought of something," he uttered, regarding her steadily.

"And I," she snapped back, "have my dinner to think of. Well, then?"

"But she hadn't clapped the door to. Hope began whispering."

"I could do without a ladder this time," he said, "if you'd let me go upstairs and sit on the window-sills."

"And fall out and break your neck!" she ejaculated.

His swift smile flashed. "No," he said. "I'm too keen on my neck. My legs would be inside the room all the time."

"So that's how you generally manage?"

"No," he confessed.

"Oh, I see. Then why did you leave your ladder behind you this morning?"

"I haven't one to leave," he said, and his eager expression was spreading all over his face. "The fact is I've never cleaned a window before—not professionally; I mean, I'm beginning today."

"Well, that's honest," said the woman, her features relaxing. "All right. Have your way. Though I'm afraid you'll make a sad job of it."

This gave him an idea. "If I don't," he responded, "may I clean them regularly once a fortnight, please?"

"We'll see," she responded, and left him to get to his work. "Outside first," she instructed. "I'll send you out a pair of steps to reach those. And when you've done them I'll take you upstairs for the others."

What he felt like was tossing his cap up and shouting hurrah! What he did was to strip off his jacket, roll up his sleeves, fill his bucket in the garage, give his leathers a flourish for luck, and start in might and main. Forty-five minutes later not one of those windows had ever shone so brightly before in its life!

But Bucephalus, when his master rejoined him, shilling in hand, protested that they ought to have finished long since. "We can't," every spoke was grumbling as they sped off, "afford 45 minutes for five measly windows!"

Peter found a pastrycook's. His meal cost him ninepence. Next he found a hire-purchase shop only just opened. Here, on the strength of being their first customer, he was supplied with a ladder in two sections for 2s 6d down and 2s a month. He slung a section on either side of Bucephalus.

He had only three pennies left now. But two more houses were netted before the light failed.

Yes, but a chap had to get a roof over his head.

"We've been wondering," said Jimmy Cringan, when Peter returned—"that is to say, my partner and I have been wondering, if you'd care for a shakedown in our little spare room for a day or two till you see how things pan out, laddie?"

Peter would never have dreamed there were so many good chaps in the world.

TO BE CONTINUED

MOTHER JACKO'S KIND HEART

MOTHER JACKO's kind heart was so well known that every tramp in the district made a point of calling on her when he passed.

She gave so much away that her husband declared he soon wouldn't have a coat to his back.

Jacko and Chimp had many a laugh about it. It was an old story.



She went nearer—and nearly dropped the bowl

"Tell you what," said Jacko one day. "Let's play a joke on the Mater." And, catching hold of Chimp, he dragged him off to Father Ginger's wheatfield.

In the middle of the field stood a disreputable scarecrow. Glancing round to see there was nobody about, Jacko pulled off the ragged coat and the frayed trousers and tucked them under his arm. The slouched hat and the filthy old boots he flung to Chimp, and off they ran.

Ten minutes later Mother Jacko looked out of the window and saw the

raggedest tramp she had ever set eyes upon standing on the doorstep.

"Oh, poor fellow!" she cried. "He does look wretched. Wait a bit," she called out, "and I'll bring you some nice soup."

She didn't hear a chuckle from two young rascals who were peeping round the side of the house.

Presently out she came carrying a steaming bowl of soup.

"Here you are," she said kindly to the figure on the step. "Drink it up while it's hot."

To her surprise there was no answer. Perhaps the poor fellow was deaf, she thought.

She went nearer—and nearly dropped the bowl!

"Why, it's only a scarecrow!" she gasped. And added slowly, "If I'm not very much mistaken Master Jacko knows something about this!"

One of the Loveliest Things God and Man Ever Made

Duke of Gloucester on our Countryside

Arthur Mee's wonderful picture of our glorious countryside (the Domesday Book of 10,000 towns and villages and everything to see in them) is now more than halfway through. Here are the volumes—

Ask to See Them Anywhere

ENCHANTED LAND—A Survey of England	213 pictures	7s 6d
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WARWICKSHIRE—Shakespeare's Country	220 places 215 pictures	7s 6d
WILTSHIRE—Cradle of Our Civilisation	270 places 220 pictures	10s 6d
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LONDON—Heart of the Empire	200 pictures	12s 6d

The Nation's Press on the Nation's Books

There is a sort of light shining all through it.

Mrs J. A. Spender

The panorama of our island home is flashed before us with a fascination which is irresistible.

Church of England Newspaper

A tremendous, heroic enterprise. "Enchanted Land" is a sort of triumphant overture, master-key to the treasure house unlocked room by room in the succeeding volumes.

Birmingham Gazette

Congratulations must go to all concerned in this tremendous endeavour, a panorama of England of outstanding importance and

usefulness. Romance is the only word to apply to Mr Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.

Sunday Times

The book is a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention. Altogether an admirable summary of London.

The Observer

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's.

The Star

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—HODDER & STOUGHTON



The Ideal Paper

FOR EVERYONE WHO
HAS A DOG

Bright and informative, practical and pictorial, THE DOG OWNER has an irresistible appeal to all who are interested in dogs in any way.

Whether you keep a dog for pleasure or for profit THE DOG OWNER is *your* paper. Week by week its pages include articles by experts on every aspect of canine life and welfare; every development in the dog world; news from kennels and shows and the soundest advice on how to care for your dog in sickness and health. Personal advice by a qualified veterinary surgeon is given FREE to readers. Everyone who has a dog enjoys reading about other people's dogs—their queer habits, clever actions, etc. This splendid paper contains articles and stories in which dogs play the leading part, also the biggest and best collection ever of "doggie photographs" and pictures—some clever, some "newsy," others humorous. In addition there is much to help, interest, and amuse you in THE DOG OWNER. Get a copy today and you will agree that here is the paper for which dog owners have long waited.

The DOG OWNER

Every Thursday at all Newsagents and Bookstalls

3^d

WHEN communicating with advertisers, it is to your advantage to mention that you saw the announcement in the columns of THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"
BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 13, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

CAN YOU NAME THE OCCUPANTS OF THESE SEATS?

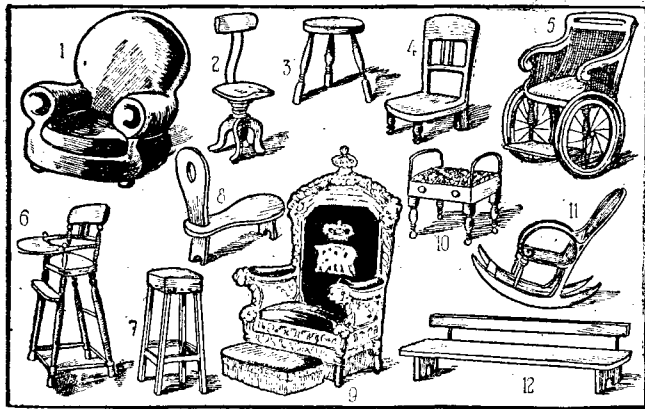
NUMEROUS money awards are waiting for C.N. girls and boys.

In the picture are shown 12 kinds of seats, and readers are asked to write a numbered list giving the user or users of each.

For the best-written correct or nearest to correct lists the Editor will award two prizes of ten shillings each and 25 half-crowns; and each winner of these prizes can earn an extra half-crown if he or she will help the C.N.

Here is a list of the users of the seats:

Art student, Baby, Children's nurse, Clerk, Father, Grandmother, Invalid, King, Milkmaid, Pianist, School-children, Typist.



Write your numbered list on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and send it to

C.N. Competition Number 79, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive

not later than first post on Thursday, May 18.

Girls and boys of 15 and under are eligible to compete, and allowance will be made for age. Only one list, which must be in the entrant's own handwriting, can be accepted from each reader, and the Editor's decision will be final.

Why not try to earn one of the extra half-crowns referred to opposite? You are asked to introduce the C.N. to a friend who is not already a reader. If your friend will promise to take the C.N. for at least a month, add the name and address of the new reader to your postcard, and if you are a prize-winner an extra half-crown will be added to your prize.



How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine'.

Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained" and kept orderly, clean and sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid sprinkled on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed. Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer and look nicer. Thicker, more luxuriant hair will follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps to check falling hair, dissolves dandruff and gives dull, brittle hair new life and lustre.

Of Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

* CORONATION PACKET *

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues, KENYA-TANGANYIKA, GUYANA, IS., COSTA RICA (large pictorial), PERU, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Airpost, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-; Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. G. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act, gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

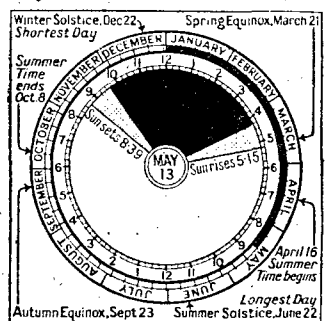
THE BRAN TUB

Poor Thing!

WHAT has three feet but cannot run, Though this seems very hard? It never has a bit of fun. The answer is "a yard."

The C.N. Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 13. The black section of the



circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone. The days are getting longer.

A Tongue-Twister

A TUTOR who tooted a flute Tried to teach two young tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot, or To tutor two tooters to toot?"

Ici on Parle Français

Le cheval Le fer à cheval La forge
horse horseshoe forge
Le vieux cheval a perdu un fer.
Il nous faut le conduire à la forge en chercher un neuf.
The old horse has lost a shoe.
We must take him to the forge to get a new one.

The Best Firm

A PRETTY good firm is Watch and Waite, And another is Attit, Early and Layte, Still another is Doo and Dairot; But the best is probably Grinn and Bairett.

A Polite Request

A SHOPKEEPER in a small American town had great difficulty in collecting debts from his customers, so he put up this notice in his shop: Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Be a man!

What Happened on Your Birthday
May 14. Fahrenheit born . 1686
15. Florence Nightingale born 1820
16. Sir Dudley North born . 1641
17. Edward Stafford, 3rd Duke of Buckingham, beheaded 1521
18. Elias Ashmole died . . 1692
19. James Boswell died . . 1795
20. Columbus died . . . 1506

This Week in Nature

THE yellow wagtail makes its appearance in these islands after spending the winter in West Africa. At this time of the year the bird's plumage is olive-green on the upper parts and bright yellow underneath. This brightness of colouring is

considerably dulled when the yellow wagtail bears its autumn plumage.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Neptune is in the south. In the morning Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at half past seven on Sunday morning, May 14.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
Find the Flowers. Crocus. Peony. Lilac. Larkspur. Enigma. Burns

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

C	O	A	L	D	O	N	L	A	M	P
L	A	D	R	E	B	U	S	T	O	R
E	T	F	I	N	A	N	C	E	R	A
A	H	E	A	D	N	E	A	N	E	N
M	S	T	E	M	E	D	D	I	E	E
O	P	E	A	L	L	S	O	N		
S	K	Y	B	R	I	L	L	T	E	A
O	R	W	O	D	A	T	S	W		
B	I	O	R	E	A	L	S	P	A	R

GRANNIE

"Then your grannie isn't dead?" said Teacher.

"Oh, no," laughed Peggy.

A great joy came into Elsa's heart when she heard this; but Teacher was looking at her with a very puzzled face. "Who told you that story about Peggy's grannie?" she asked.

Elsa repeated what the milkman had said, and the teacher began to laugh.

"Why," said she, "the milkman meant the grannie on the chimney, the thing that looks like an old lady in a black shawl. Some people put grannies on their chimneys to keep the wind from blowing down."

house, and in the morning she awoke to find that the wind had done a great deal of damage. She heard the milkman tell the postman that Smiths' grannie had fallen off the roof and was dashed to pieces.

"Oh, poor Peggy Smith," she thought, "to have her grannie dashed to pieces."

That day she was not allowed to go to school, and she spent most of the time looking out at the storm and thinking of the poor Smiths.

The next day the wind had calmed down and Elsa went back to school. She was not surprised to find that little Peggy Smith was absent.

"Can anyone tell me what is the matter with Peggy Smith?" asked the teacher.

Elsa held up her hand and said, with a troubled face, "Peggy's grannie is dead."

"Dear me. That's very sad," replied the teacher.

"She fell off the roof and was dashed to pieces."

Elsa's teacher stared in horror. "But how did she get on to the roof?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied Elsa, with tears in her eyes.

Just then the door opened and in came Peggy Smith, who excused herself for being late by saying that she had had to go for her grannie's cough mixture.

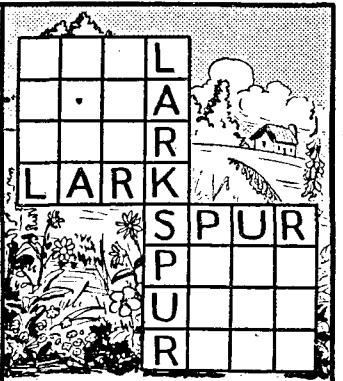
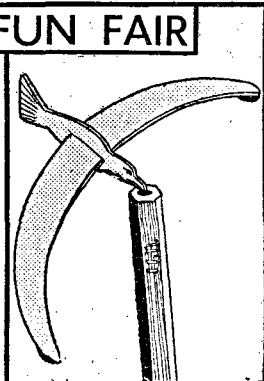
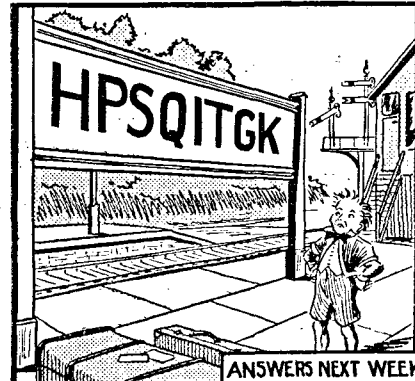
TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

EVERYONE loved little Elsa, who had come all the way from Germany to live with her grandmother in Scotland. She was a little German Jewess whose father and mother had been badly treated in Germany.

She was very happy in England, and she often heard the people say that her grannie would not let the wind blow on her. As she did not know very much English she often wondered what that could mean. But, then, she wondered about so many things.

One night as she lay in her little bed a great wind arose and tore howling round the

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



What place is this? Alternate letters on the name-board are wrong.

Add four halfpennies to the coins shown, and rearrange some of the pennies so that there will still be a total of threepence on each side of the square.

Cut out this cardboard bird, fitting the wings through the body. Put drops of sealing-wax on the wing-tips so that it balances, as shown.

Complete this double word-square by inserting the following letters: A, A, B, D, E, E, E, E, E, E, G, L, L, O, R, R, R.

